



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

CONTENTS

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O.S.B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money

Editor's Page	99
Queries from Readers.....	101
Assumption Hymn—(Poem)— <i>M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L. H. D.</i>	101
Charity—(Poem)— <i>Irving G. Philips</i>	101
Simon Wako Joins the Union— <i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i>	102
An Act of Charity— <i>Mary Mabel Wirries</i>	104
The Storm— <i>Lola Beers Mysen</i>	107
Assumption Prayer—(Poem)— <i>P. J. Sandill</i>	107
A Labor of Love— <i>H. Eugenie Delamare</i>	108
The Christian Family— <i>Sister Angela</i>	111
Christian Aesthetics— <i>Henry Brenner, O. S. B.</i>	112
The Little Children Who go to Him— <i>Florence Gilmore</i>	113
A Lovely Summer Day—(Poem)— <i>P. J. Sandill</i>	113
Her Best Friend— <i>S. M. Gonzaga</i>	114
St. Alphonsus Liguori— <i>A. C. McK</i>	117
Notes of General Interest.....	118
Children's Corner— <i>Agnes Brown Hering</i>	121
Abbey and Seminary.....	125

orders payable to **THE ABBEY PRESS**. Do not use or add any other name.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., **THE ABBEY PRESS, St. Meinrad, Indiana.**

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES. Subscribers to **THE GRAIL** are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Donations for Poor Students:

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursar of \$5,000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. When one has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$579.62. Clar Kern, N. Y., \$50. Total: \$629.62.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$577.38. Frank Verkamp, Ind., \$1; Joseph Pfeiffer, Ky., \$1. Total: \$579.38.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$496.36. N. N., Ala., \$2. Total: \$498.36.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$493.25. J. Rugginello, N. Y., \$1; N. N., Ind., \$25.73. Total: \$519.98.

Address all letters and communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

For the Sufferers of the War-stricken Lands

Andale Kan: A H \$5; Logansport Ind: H M \$1; St. Louis: C R \$3 N N \$1 F S \$2.50; Dubuque: F T \$5; Oakland Cal: O R \$1; Bronx N Y: G H \$20; Chicago: G M \$2 C S \$10 W D \$5 F G \$10 J K \$5; Waunakee Wis: K B \$5; Belleville Ill: J J \$1; Evansville: R T \$7; Dale Ind: M H \$2 C B \$2; Menasha Wis: J H \$1; Valley Falls R I: J C \$1; Louisville: J K \$1 G Z \$5 H S \$75 K R \$2; Mattoon Ill: L M \$3; Oregon City Ore: J S \$15; Rochester N Y: J K \$1 P L \$20; New

Orleans: L C \$2; Waterloo Ia: R M \$2; Pasadena Cal: M B \$8; Boston: F K \$2; Sachanaw Mich: A S \$2; Bement Ill: A G \$10; Milwaukee N V \$5 F A \$2; Lawrence Mass: N N \$20 N N \$20; Aloys Wis: A J \$2; Cincinnati: A S \$5; Norwood O: C H \$20; Taftville Conn: E J \$5; Yonkers N Y: J N \$1; Dayton O: A M \$10; I S \$10; Jefferson Wis: J S \$5 A W \$5; New York: A H \$3; Jasper Ind: A S \$27; Borden Ind: B R \$1; Philadelphia: M N \$1 N K \$5; Grand Rapids Mich: W P \$2; Pittsfield Mass: J H \$2; Grandwood N J: H W \$5; Pittsburgh: F F \$1; Henderson Ky: N N \$3; Washington D C: M P \$5; Cumberland Md: E H \$1; Worcester Mass: J G \$4; Baltimore: D G \$10; Plainville Conn: J G \$50; Hoboken N J: N N \$1; Livingston Mon: F T \$10; San Francisco: M G \$1; Johnstown Pa: M R \$10; Evanston Ill: C R \$1; Noorwood Mass: P H \$20; Los Angeles: L W \$10; Atlantic Mass: T O \$2; Altoona Pa: G S \$2; Atlantic City N J: E F \$1; St. Meinrad Ind: N N \$1; Solvay N Y: M A \$1; Hollister Cal: G S \$1.50; Providence R I: E L \$2; Algoma Wis: J M \$1; Pulaski Wis: S R \$1.

N. B. Money with requests for Masses to be offered up by the impoverished and needy priests of the war-stricken lands will be gladly forwarded gratis. Address all communications to

**ST. MEINRAD'S ABBEY, B. F.,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.**

Leper Colony: M. Zang, N. Y., \$8; Joseph Pfeiffer, Ky., \$1.00.

Grail Building Fund: Previously acknowledged: \$222.08. Mrs. T. Esterkamp, O., \$1; Mrs. E. Grunkenmeyer, O., \$1; H. G., Borchelt, Ind., \$1; Miss M. Tasinari, Mass., \$1; Mrs. E. C. Grosskettler, Pa., \$5; Mrs. A. Lynch, N. Y., \$1; L. J. Slattery, Mass., \$1; Mrs. Wagenbrenner, O., \$1; Miss M. Piget, N. Y., \$1. Total: \$225.08.

A Night Thought

LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY

When, wearied and perplexed, I turn
Toward the star-set sky,
To watch those tiny points of light
'Mid God's immensity,

* And see a falling star shoot down,
So silently and bright,

Until, within the shades of earth,
Its glory fades from sight,

I like to think our Father sends,
Swift-winged through the air,
By this, His shining messenger,
An answer to my prayer.

THE GRAIL

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED
BY THE BENEDICTINES

WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, AUGUST, 1922

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE Under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

PURPOSE OF THE LEAGUE

The International Eucharistic League has a threefold purpose:

- (1) To establish union and harmony among the Catholics of all nations;
- (2) To bring back to the true Fold all our separated brethren, who number over 300,000,000;
- (3) To convert to Christianity at home and abroad the pagans and heathens, who are estimated at about 1,075,000,000.

TWO SIMPLE PRACTICES

To attain its threefold purpose the International Eucharistic League, which is preeminently a mission activity and apostolic work through the Holy Eucharist, imposes no obligations on its members but asks them to do two things:

- (1) To offer up daily for its threefold intention all the Masses and Holy Communion of the whole world,—which may be done in one's own words, in thought only, or by the formula given on the certificate of admission;
- (2) Moreover, to offer up for these intentions a Mass heard and a Holy Communion received—at least once a week (first degree), or once a month (second degree), or three times a year (third degree).

There are no fees, dues, or collections, yet to carry on the work of the League it is customary to make a small offering at the time of admission. No offering is expected from the poor or from religious.

Can there be a nobler object to pray for than that proposed by the International Eucharistic League? What practice can be more simple or efficacious than that suggested by the League?

For membership apply to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana, director for the United States.

A Storm of Protests

A word of explanation is due to our readers who took offense at "Boozy Pat's Daughter," a story that slipped uncensored into the pages of THE GRAIL for July. A storm of protests followed. In all sincerity the editor wishes to assure the readers of THE GRAIL that *never*, under any circumstance, would he think of deliberately giving offense however much appearances to the contrary seem to point against him at this moment. Moreover, what benefit could he hope to derive from belittling so large and influential a body of his coreligionists and fellow-citizens who have done so much, not only to make our glorious country what it is, but to give the Church the prestige that she holds. From the very beginning down to the present time the Irish have given unstintingly of their blood and brain and brawn to build up both Church and Republic, and of both they deserve well. It is greatly to be regretted, then, that the cause of all this commotion escaped the vigilant eye of the editor. We deeply deplore the unfortunate occurrence and trust that our readers may not be annoyed again by the repetition of a similar offense in the pages of THE GRAIL.

Juvenile Criminals

There have always been and no doubt there will always be juvenile delinquencies. The proportions which these delinquencies have been assuming in recent years cannot but be alarming. Crimes of which only grown-ups were formerly thought capable have been perpetrated by mere children. Within the past year we have been startled time and again by press reports of boy criminals in their early teens, of boy burglars fully organized, of boy murderers, of boy suicides.

This deplorable condition must be traced to a cause of more or less recent origin. According to the papers, Mrs. Mary Stokely, probation officer at Wichita, Kansas, reports that wrong home conditions and the present educational system are the chief causes of juvenile

delinquency. Most of the delinquencies in the girls she attributes to divorce. Families are wrecked and torn apart and the children are neglected. As they are never taught any responsibility to God for their actions, they are likely to follow their evil inclinations. The godless home and the godless school are the enemies of America. Judge John C. Karel, of Milwaukee, is of the same opinion, for he says that seventy per cent of the boys brought before him were victims of parental neglect and had no affiliation with church or Sunday School.

Even our Catholic homes have lost much of the domestic virtue of which they could boast with pride only a few decades ago. Do we not recall with pleasure those gatherings about the family hearth after nightfall? The father read his paper, the mother attended to the family mending, while the children prepared their lessons for the morrow, played games, or romped over the floor. They could look, too, to their elders for aid, advice, and correction when it was needed. This happy gathering was disbanded only after night prayers had been said in common.

The ever-ready automobile and the easily accessible "movie" have had the lion's share in breaking up the family circle with its wholesome influence. Since, therefore, even the Catholic home is yielding to the spirit of the times and losing its grasp on the family, another power, the frequent communion of the children, must be urged with all the more insistence.—A.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Seventeen Seventy-Six—Nineteen Twenty-Two

Fourth of July! Yes, even as I write the charm of that day is upon us. Throughout the length and breadth of our dear land, firecrackers are popping, hearts are throbbing at sight of the beloved stars and stripes, orators are pouring forth profound periods of patriotism—the United States is making merry—over what? Independence.

Independence day! The greatest feast day of our great American institution. Liberty, our dearest inheritance, which makes our country a unique nation though cosmopolitan, which lures oppressed and impoverished foreigners to our shores and makes of them and of us happy, grateful sons of those fathers who fought and died to bequeath that inheritance to us.

In spirit we seem to see the first Fourth of July again enacted before our eyes. And as the figures of those great heroes—England's foes and America's progenitors—pass before us, we are caught up into the sublimity of their own high ideals. In our enthusiasm we would point out to them the fair United States, saying, "Behold the mighty infant whom you nursed in the cradle of liberty!"

But why does our foremost father, Washington, look about him with but cold regard? Does he recognize the "sweet land of liberty" for which he toiled and gave his all? Ask him if we have not liberty, and he will say, "The liberty for which we fought and set all at stake, was liberty without license, freedom from oppression, liberty to serve God according to one's own conscience, freedom from the diplomatic entanglements of scheming European politics, invincible sacredness of the hearth and home, the right to choose one's own manner of life, his occupation, his food, his drink, his clothing, and amusements—things sacred to man from the creation; free, so long as they do not conflict with the common good."

And did they foresee away back in '76 to what we should finally come? That government of the people, for the people, and by the people should be so controlled by moneyed powers as to make laws at their behest? That an active, noisy minority would so harass and threaten and agitate our legislators that an amendment should be placed to our great constitution which would turn large numbers of our fellow-citizens into policemen and their agents, law-abiding people, into petty-outlaws, and pervade the land with snivelling puritans and cringing hypocrites, while Europe laughs at us, and the Catholic Church sees with consternation the blow that could be dealt the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by the naked words of this same hostile amendment?

Liberty that is not license. Yet what a land of free love and unimpeded adultery ours has become. Where when one tires of his wife and sees another woman that pleases his eyes, he has but to go through a very convenient formality to dismiss the one and to take to himself the other. Thus the spirit of false liberty invades the sacred precincts of God's own domain. Human life is not safe. It is fashionable to do away with unborn life and to be Mr. and Mrs. without offspring and its attendant cares throughout their selfish lives. It is come to be common news to hear that some poor negro, whether guilty or suspected of a crime, has been taken by masked mobs from the hands of authority and done to death with a cruelty that makes Indian orgies insignificant in comparison. While we celebrate this Fourth of July, the blood is hardly dried which was shed so horribly in the Illinois coal fields.

Where do we see the star of hope amid all this chaos? Where but in that great religious body which alone preserves the law of God and teaches it without change? It is in the Catholic Church that the marriage bond is secure, the home and its duties safeguarded, temperance in its true meaning is urged, and God's commandments regarding religion and the rights of our fellow men inculcated and rightly practiced. Look throughout the length and breadth of our land and see that though everywhere else error abounds, here is truth and the only effective bulwark against the ruin that threatens our country.

Persecution

But the enemy of all good has long since known this. Why then be surprised that he incites his forces to bring down the power of this Body of Christ? The attack has now begun in good earnest. Without violence and clamor, yet with hateful precision, the blow has been aimed at her most vital point. Take away her children and the race will cease. To keep our children faithful later on as grown men and women, they must have religious training. The Church in this country at great sacrifice maintains her parochial schools as the dearest treasure she has. American liberty has given her the sweet prerogative of educating her children from tenderest years in the fear of God and practice of religion.

And now the enemy has begun the fight to do away with these schools. In Oregon the Masons have by public subscription forced a vote to be polled in November compelling all children to attend public school. In California a similar measure is being agitated. In Michigan, though defeated for a time, they have not given up the fight. The Sterling-Towner bill in Congress, which would eventually do away with our parochial schools, has received the united support of the National League of Masonic Clubs in convention at Atlantic City, who urged its speedy passage.

The signs of the times are ominous. It is for us to rouse ourselves to withstand these assaults. We have at hand the powerful weapons of prayer, of union, and of discretion at the polls. Be assured that God will not desert us if we prove ourselves worthy. With our patriotic enthusiasm let us help to preserve the traditions of our fathers' liberty.

Queries from Readers

1. Would you please answer through the "Grail" the following: a. Do the souls in hell know the mysteries of Heaven? b. Is the Blessed Virgin Mary ever referred to as "St. Mary"? There is a hospital in this city called St. Mary's Hospital, and at the entrance there is an image of the Blessed Virgin holding the Child Jesus. Could this image have any reference to the name of the hospital? Hoboken, N. J.

Ans. a. The principal suffering of the lost souls comes from the realization of what they have lost in losing God and heaven. Hence at their judgment they must gain a very comprehensive knowledge of the essence of God and the glory of heaven. Yet, whereas this is the source of the Saints' bliss, it is the cause of the lost souls' greatest torment.

b. In speaking of a church or an institution as "St. Mary's" it is usually meant that it is under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Otherwise "St. Mary" is hardly ever used in English to designate the Blessed Virgin.

The Eucharist is the proof of the divinity of Jesus, the deepest imprint of it that he has made on this earth.
—Père Tesniere.

Assumption Hymn

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

The strong gates of glory are sweeping aside;
The curtains of cloudland are rolling away;
The heavens unfolding as cometh the Bride
Of the Ages, the Queen to her Court today;
And we have a note in the triumph then,
For the Queen of the Angels is Mother of Men.

The dim old earth with its clouded soul
Looks up to the holy heights serene
And just where the clearest paeans roll
The earth finds its Mother and Heaven its Queen
And we gather the glory that circles us when
The Queen of the Angels is Mother of Men.

No touch of thy darkness, O earth, can c'ing
To the steps for whose falling the angels wait;
No stain of mortality can she bring
To the heavens that hail her "Immaculate!"
And yet she is thine, O earthland, when
The Queen of the Angels is Mother of Men.

Theirs by power and ours by love,
For we of the earth by a nearer name,
We plead with their mighty Queen above,
Than ever angelic choirs could claim:
So fearless we call her again and again,
For the Queen of the Angels is Mother of Men.

When the shadowy day of life shall fall
To the night of death, no strangers we'll stand
In eternity's morning, but meeting all
A mother's love in that sunrise Land,
Heaven and Home are ours then,
For the Queen of the Angels is Mother of Men.

Charity

IRVING G. PHILIPS

The sun smiled down on sombre earth;
The earth smiled in return.
A brooklet flowed through parched fields;
The land gave wine and corn.

A soft rain fell on thirsting grain
Which raised its head in glee.
A soft breeze blew; the listless elms
Responded happily.

A presence comes whose gentleness
Of mien entrances all:
Who meets her then is happiest
In yielding to her thrall.

A new life clears the people's blood
To pristine clarity,
A maid appears whose look is love,
Whose name is Charity.

Simon Wako Joins the Union

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert was nearing the rectory. Just ahead of him, dinner pail in hand, Simon Wako was dragging himself along. "Hello, Simon," called out the priest, who always had a soft spot in his heart for the working man, "I haven't seen you for ever so long. I missed you at Church Sunday. Have you moved?"

"No, Father," was the spiritless reply. "I—I feel as though nobody cared for an old drudge like me, so I seldom go anywhere except to the club and work."

"What club is that, Simon? Who belong to it?"

"Oh some of the friends I've still got left."

"Are they Catholics?"

"Well — er — yes, at least they used to be."

"And what are they now?"

"They're about like me I guess. They don't go to church bein' that there are so many 'big bugs' among them with their fine cars. Our speakers told us we are doin' the right thing."

"Are those speakers among your friends too?"

"They sure are or else they wouldn't give us their advice."

"Of course your speakers don't receive any pay."

"You couldn't expect them to make their fine talks for nothing."

"Oho! they get pay. Now, Simon, those speakers are your friends just as long as they can bleed you. But I know of One who is your true friend in all circumstances, for He is the friend of every laboring man. Think this over until I see you again and try to guess His name."

For several evenings Father Gilbert just happened to be either on the veranda or on the lawn when Simon passed. The priest was always the first to extend a friendly greeting. A few commonplaces were exchanged but no allusion was made to the "true friend" until the psychological moment should come. Gradually the workman warmed up more and more. He even told his wife that he was certain of meeting one friendly face every evening. Finally the man's curiosity could no longer be pent

up. "Father," he burst out, "we've been discussing that 'friend of the laboring man' down at the shop. Some allowed it was Gompers, or Lewis, or someone like them."

"Oh, Simon," chuckled the priest, "He is much older and more venerable than Gompers ever will be. He is the man who is called the carpenter's son and who worked at that trade Himself until He was thirty years old. Yet He might have been a capitalist from His earliest years, but He preferred the tradesman's state just because He had great love for the laboring people and the poor."

"What did he ever do for the laborer besides follow his trade?"

"Why He remembered every working man in His last will."

The poor man's face began to brighten up at the prospect of a rich legacy awaiting him. Amid fits of hacking laughter he exclaimed: "That sounds mighty good. Is it possible that my drudge work is to stop? No, it's too good to be true."

"Yes, your drudgery is to be changed into an honest, decent way of living."

"Don't kid me like that, Father. It's queer I never heard of him before. Who is he anyhow?"

"Ah, you know Him Simon. And you have often heard of Him. It is Jesus Christ Himself." At these words a look of disappointment crept over the poor fel-

low's face.

Father Gilbert had now launched out into the deep sea and he was going to steer straight ahead. "By instituting the Holy Eucharist," he continued, "Jesus Christ made His last will and testament. In this will He had you, a working man, subject to hardships, especially in mind. Before making His will, He had said, 'Come to me all you who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you.' Why He even chose as His witnesses of this testament working men like yourself, for such were the Apostles."

"Y-e-s, but—"

"But you never got your share yet. Don't you know that when a gift is left to a man he



has to prove that he is the one for whom the gift is intended? Now this you do only when you approach the Holy Eucharist by attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion. There you receive, as you know, together with all His blessings Christ Himself who is the principle of a new life. He says: 'As the living Father hath sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same shall also live by me.' But He warns us also: 'Except you eat the flesh of the son of man you shall not have life in you.' Therefore why not come to Mass again regularly and receive the sacraments often in order to enter into this true friendship which will put a new stimulant into your work and your life?"

"I'll see about it, Father. Good evening."

Father Gilbert was keenly hurt by the man's lack of interest. But he was not going to give up. When they met on the following day, he gradually led up to the same subject. The laborer evidently felt uneasy. Finally he remarked quite abruptly: "You are not going to rope me in so easily again. The shop hands put me onto you. I told you about the 'big bugs' down there."

"Let me ask you a question, Simon. Is there any difference made in the Mass or at the communion railing between the 'big bugs' and the poorest laborer?"

"The shop hands say there is."

"But I am asking you, not the shop hands."

"I don't know."

"Of course you know that there is no special place at the communion railing reserved for anyone no matter how rich he may be. The millionaire employer kneels side by side with the poorest of his employees. Neither of them receives more or less than the other. Therefore St. Thomas tells us in his poetic way:

"Whether one or thousands eat
All receive the selfsame meat."

"The Mass, too, is for each and everyone. Here again there is no distinction between rich and poor, employer and employee. The church is open all day long for everyone who cares to enter to ask for help in his needs and consolation in his trials. But the invitation is given especially to the poor, for Jesus, who is present in the Blessed Sacrament on the altar, has said: 'Come to me all you who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you.'"

Though the listener gave no sign of impatience, his only answer was an indifferent "yes." The shepherd was not daunted, however, in his efforts to win back to the fold this stray sheep. Thinking that he might not get another such opportunity very soon, he made one more attempt.

"Labor," he continued, "owes much to Christ and His Church. In Greek and Roman civilization, before the coming of Christ, labor meant slavery. Labor was a term of shame and disgrace. But Christ dignified labor and took away its reproach. As a consequence the essential dignity and equality of all men, the nobility and even the obligation of labor began to be recognized. St. Paul gloried in the work of his hands. St. Benedict says of his monks that they are then true monks when they live by the labor of their hands according to the example of the apostles and the fathers. 'Ora et labora—pray and work,' is the motto that he left his order.

"In the Middle Ages there were trade unions that were called guilds. These guilds, which were fostered by the Church, always protected the laborer against any unfair capitalist. They also shielded him from radical and selfish leaders who might go to the other extreme and insist upon demands contrary to justice."

"This fine talk about the past don't do us any good now," spoke up the impatient Simon.

"Quite true, but still it shows us the mind of the Church. Even today she will take advantage of every opportunity to defend the poor laborer against his enemies: oppression on the part of unjust employers and radicalism on the part of unscrupulous labor leaders. What man of modern times has defended the rights of labor more gloriously and fearlessly than Pope Leo XIII?"

"Simon, I have given you enough to think about now. Your danger, your stumbling block, is that club of yours and the company of those shop hands. Associate with men who will not poison your mind and follow the advice I gave you last night."

"I'll see, I'll see," were his parting words.

"The poor wretch is too far gone for words to rouse him," murmured Father Gilbert as his eyes followed the unfortunate man. "Prayer and good example must find their way to his heart."

A gleam of light flashed upon his mind. The example and home life of Dave Longer, now one of the most fervent members of his flock, would without doubt have a good influence on this indifferent subject.

Dave readily consented to the plan and accordingly invited Simon to supper. While there was no luxury to be found in the Longer home, all bespoke comfort. Tidiness greeted the eye. The host was most cordial. His cheerful wife and happy children were rays of sunshine that dispelled the gloom from the heart of the guest. The edifying manner in which grace was said by the head of the family before and after the

meal, made a deep impression too. Surely here was realized the socialistic ideal which was preached at the club. Of course this blessed state was all due to a high salary.

"You're a happy man, Dave. It takes money to live as you do. What wages do you draw anyhow?"

"That's something I usually don't preach from the housetop but I'll whisper it into your ear. The mill pays me only fifteen dollars a week."

"Why I get eighteen dollars and I can't live on that. How do you manage it?"

"It's all on account of the union. You know I joined sometime ago."

"So did I long ago."

"But I get a daily allowance."

"Then you have a pull with the boss. I got compensation only twice — once when I was sick and another time a mite during the strike."

"Well, I get it all right. You see at least one of us has a conference with the President every day."

"That's wire-pulling."

"And yet it is not in our case. The union that I speak of is entirely different from the one you are thinking of. It is a union whose President is the only true Labor Leader the world has ever seen, Jesus Christ Himself."

"I didn't expect to hear a sermon from you, Dave. I get enough of that kind of talk from Father Gilbert who has been boring me to death for quite a while."

"Well, you asked me for the secret of our happiness and success and I am only telling you. That's all."

"All right then, go ahead."

"Since we believe that every gift must come from above, we all attend Mass and receive Ho-

ly Communion together on Sunday. During the week the family is represented at Mass and at the Holy Table every day by at least one of us. Sometimes I can arrange to go myself. In this way you see we have a daily conference with great Labor Leader. I can assure you that since we have hit upon this plan our house has changed appearances. It is true we still have troubles but they no longer look like real troubles. We are blessed, we are happy, and what is of greater consequence, we look forward with hope to a happy eternity."

"How did you happen to take up this plan?"

"Father Gilbert's frequent sermons on Communion and the Mass did it. We were especially impressed by his allusion to St. Isidore of Spain."

"What did he do?"

"He was just an ordinary laborer like you and me but he went to Mass every day and soon found that 'Meat an Mass never hinder work.'"

"Say, that's an eye-opener. Two and two make four don't they?"

"They surely do."

"I thought Father Gilbert was nagging me all the time. The shop hands told me so and made fun of me for listening to him, but I reckon if I put what he said alongside of what you are doing, I ought to join the union too and become as happy a fish as you."

"I can guess about what Father Gilbert said. You will do well to follow his advice."

The counsel of his zealous pastor and the practical results achieved by his kind host resulted in Wako's joining the union too. Now there are at least three happier men in the parish: Father Gilbert, Dave Longer, and above all Simon Wako.

An Act of Charity

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

"WHAT'S the matter with you and your neighbor, Mother?"

Mrs. Crowley chained six instead of three and put a double in the wrong treble. A puzzled frown wrinkled her usually serene brow as she laid down her crocheting and folded her hands in her lap—an odd little way she had when perturbed. Her blue, mildly unfathomable eyes met the questioning twinkling gaze of her only son.

"I declare to goodness, Wallie," she replied hesitatingly, "I don't just rightly know."

"Have a fight?" with an undercurrent of amusement in his voice. The idea of Mother Crowley fighting with anyone was undoubted-

ly amusing; she was as meek as any lamb, even the proverbial shorn one.

"Wallie!" she was shocked and reproving. "You know I haven't. It's just—well, to tell the truth, she won't look at me."

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" Walter Crowley tipped his chair against the porch railing and laughed long and loud. He laughed until the hen in the back yard stopped cackling to listen, and the girl on the porch next door turned her chair away so that he might not see the answering sympathetic smile on her own lips. He laughed until he caught a glimpse of his mother's face between spasms. Her lip was quivering childishly, and her eyes were filled with tears. Then

he stopped, quite suddenly, swallowing a whole haw-haw to do it.

"Why, Mother! I beg your pardon." His apologies followed her into the house, and he came after them, to gather her frailness into his arms and smother her sobs on his immaculate silk sports shirt.

"I didn't know it was such a sore point with you. I'm sorry."

She clung to him, crying ashamedly.

"I can't help it, Wallie. I've lived on this street for fifty years, and I've always neighbored with the folks in that house. Se-seems like it kind of belongs to me—that big elm in front shadin' my porch and the yards joining and all. I kind of figured on having her there, even if I didn't know her. She's about my age, and we could crochet together and I could send her a plate of cookies now and then—and now it's like this! And I never did a thing to her—never! She was sittin' on the porch one day sewing on a curtain, and I got my things together to run over there a bit, and when she saw me coming she up and went into the house. And I says to myself, 'Abbie Crowley, you never yet went where you wasn't wanted and you're too old to begin,' and I went right on over to Mrs. Pifer's, never even looking in. I guess maybe I am foolish, but I can't bear to have you laugh at me."

Walter Crowley wore a semi-rueful grin when he returned to his chair on the porch. The girl next door was still out. She sewed industriously on a piece of embroidery and kept her eyes studiously averted from his personable self. She spoke occasionally to her companion, and he noted with approval that her voice was low and musical. Her hair, too, was pretty—dark brown and adorably waved; she was slim and sweet and cool-looking in her crisp blue gingham—quite a satisfying picture for any young man to feast his eyes on. Walter Crowley was lonely, and he longed for entertainment and youthful companionship. Four years of college and two years of work in a distant city had left him wholly unacquainted with the young people of his home town. Most of the girls whom he had known were married; most of the fellows had, like himself, drifted from the home shores. That girl next door now—she was a peach! But when her aunt wouldn't look at his mother—and SHE wouldn't look at HIM—how was he to scrape an acquaintance? He had tried in various ways, all unsuccessful. Cutting roses for his mother while the girl gathered sweet peas less than ten feet away; she hadn't even noticed him. Whistling, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," while she was playing it on the piano; she had stopped playing. Once he had ventured to say Good Morn-

ing when they met on the walk, and had been rewarded by such a frigidly polite greeting in return that he had felt chilly for hours. B-r-r-r!

The blue gingham went into the house. He felt as though the sun had gone behind a cloud. No use sitting on the porch any more. He flicked away his cigaret. There was the bang of a screen door in the rear of his neighbor's house. He got up with suspicious alacrity and strolled nonchalantly — too nonchalantly — around the corner of the porch. The blue gingham was topped by a sunbonnet and its owner carried a tin pail; she was going out the back walk toward the hill pasture. He went hurriedly into the kitchen.

"I say, Mother, are there still berries over Finney's way?"

"In the hill pasture? Lots of them. Why?"

"I—oh, I thought it would be rather fun to pick a bunch again. Will you make a pie?"

"Of course, you big kid," she was smiling fondly, and hunting for the pail. "Stay out of the hot sun, now, so you don't get sick."

There was no sign of the blue gingham on this side of the hill. Berries were too small there to bother with anyhow. Around the slope toward Finney's ought to be all right; yes, there she was with her back toward him. He coughed tentatively. She glanced around startled, and then moved away around a clump of bushes. He followed leisurely. When he reached the right clump he swerved and worked the other way. A minute or two of picking, and he met the blue gingham lady face to face.

He smiled chummily and removed his panama.

"Er—Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon." The mercury registered twenty below.

"Lots of berries this year."

No answer.

"Make fine pies, don't they?"

Silence. She was picking vigorously.

"Want me to pull down that top branch for you?"

"Thank you. Don't trouble yourself. I'm quite finished here."

She moved on. They met on the opposite side of the next bush. Her eyes blazed. She stamped her foot in exasperation.

"WILL you stop following me? There are other bushes in the pasture."

"Certainly." He looked hurt. "These are such nice ones I didn't think you'd mind. There are plenty of berries for us both."

This time he moved away. She felt humbled. How dared he put her in the wrong like that? She blushed hotly. And he had the impudence to be whistling! He was nice-looking, too; she liked his teeth when he smiled.

Just across the way it was marshy, and the bushes were low and thick. She didn't pick there often, but she couldn't follow him—not after this. She hastened to fill her pail. A little deeper in the bog the berries were larger and sweeter; she parted the bushes and pushed farther into the thicket. The whistle sounded nearer again. She reached for a forked stick with which to pull the bushes toward her; there was a warning whir and a sinister something reared itself in her path. She shrieked and sprang back, and then—the world collapsed about her.

"All right now?"

The voice was vaguely familiar. She had a curious sense of dampness and disarray, but she was resting so comfortably she hated to open her eyes. When she did, the solicitous face that belonged to the voice was so close to her own that she closed them again quickly. Then she realized that what her head was resting on was the white silk shoulder of young Crowley, and she sat up in confusion. Her hair fell in wet masses about her face.

"Sorry. Guess I gave you quite a drenching. Thought you weren't ever coming out of that faint. Ruined my hat carrying water, too. Don't you know, young lady, that it is very foolish to faint when you meet up with a rattle snake?"

She shuddered. "Did you—"

"Kill it? Bet your boots. He's deader than a dornick. Prettiest little bunch of rattles that you ever saw. I'll get them for you pretty soon."

She shuddered again.

"I—I don't believe I want them, thank you."

She twisted the water from her hair and deftly repinned it. He watched her, smiling and then restored her sunbonnet and pail.

"We'll have to fill it again," he said. "You rather scattered the berries when you met his snakeship."

There are numerous examples in arithmetic based on the supposition that two can perform a task more quickly than one. But when the two are a man and a maid, and the task is filling a pail with blueberries in a sunny pasture on a summer afternoon—ah, then how are the laws of mathematics refuted! And that's that, and as it should be, for primary arithmetics were written, not by young men and maidens but by calculating old scholars who knew a lot about figures but nothing at all about blueberries. If the rattler who so inadvertently played Cupid were not dead until the sun went down (as the old country legend tells us no snake is) he heard snatches of conversation like this:

"Nice old snake that introduced us. I always thought you had pretty hair."

"It couldn't have happened any other way. Auntie says that your mother has never called on her since she moved here, and that she won't even look at her."

"There ought to be some way to get them together. How about the church picnic? Listen—"

Low tones here—a conspiracy hatching. Then—

"The pail's full. I must be going."

"Nonsense! Let's throw them away and fill it again. Say, do you play tennis?"

"Silly! Of course we'll do no such thing. I do. I love it. The High School court is fine this year."

"We'll play—after the church picnic."

Mischievous laughter.

They parted at the hilltop. The girl went on alone. At the bottom she waved her hand and he called down to her:

"Don't forget—right by the spring, at two o'clock. It's an act of charity."

She laughed and nodded. He filled his own bucket and strolled home, whistling again. This time it was "I Lo'e a Lassie."

The Wednesday morning of the church picnic was cloudy. Young Crowley was depressed, but when he saw his fair neighbor inspecting the clouds and also looking worried, he, strangely enough, became more lighthearted.

"Goodness, Elena!" said her aunt querulously, noting her concern. "I never knew you to be so set on any doings before. I'd feel bad for to see my pies and fixin's kind of go to waste, but I believe if it rains so we can't go, you'll have a crying spell."

Elena felt herself blushing, and made a hasty retreat to the kitchen.

It didn't rain. About eight o'clock the heavens smiled and out came the sun.

"Good old duffer!" ejaculated Walter, "Come on, Mother, hurry up—it's shining. I'll run out the flivver. Don't forget your first-aid kit."

"Go on with you." Mrs. Crowley colored consciously. The "first-aid kit" had always been a standing joke in the Crowley family, for wherever Mother Crowley went, there also went her little cambric kit of medicines and bandage.

The Crowleys traveled down to the picnic grounds in the "flivver" and picked up friends along the way. Mrs. Pratt and Elena rode in the more plebeian but no less crowded village bus. When the flivver passed the latter enroute there was a chorus of greetings between the respective occupants, but Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. Pratt both sat up very stiff and looked straight ahead, and there was no one to notice

that the driver of the smaller car winked shamelessly at the brownhaired girl who occupied the rear seat of the bus.

Elena had been all eagerness to start on the picnic but she became listless and weary as the day wore on. She ate but little of the generous lunch and took no part in the games that followed.

"It's the heat, Auntie," she said, when Mrs. Pratt questioned her. "Let's walk down by the old spring away from the crowd. There's a rustic seat there, and a breath of air."

The rest apparently benefitted her, for in a little while she was her natural self and suggested that they return to the picnickers. Her aunt walked ahead up the narrow pathway and she followed slowly, picking ferns along the way. An enticing group of these on a neighboring ledge attracted her attention and she climbed after them. She slipped and there she lay in a little crumpled heap at the foot of the rock.

"Elena dear, whatever is the matter?"

"It's—oh Auntie! My ankle—I slipped—"

"Your ankle? Child! Child!"

A palpitating, excited little old woman with prim hat much askew bumped into a young man and an elderly lady wearing an equally prim hat at the turn of the hill path.

"Oh!" she implored them frantically. "My niece—she's hurt her ankle. Will you—?"

"Somebody hurt? My goodness!" the other elderly lady became instantly animated. "Lucky I brought my first-aid kit. I told you, Walter—"

An inwardly amused, outwardly solicitous young man followed in the wake of two fluttering old ladies back down hill. His mother was removing Elena's shoe when he arrived and she shooed him away imperatively.

"Go down by the spring till I call you. As soon as I've rubbed this child's ankle and bandaged it you will have to carry her to the machine. She mustn't try to walk for a spell."

August afternoon. There was a twittering of sparrows in the lilac bushes and a stirring of zephyrs in the roses. It was the time of day when the village women rest and visit, and on the Crowley porch two chairs rocked companionably. Mrs. Pratt knitted a row and paused to smile at the sound of youthful laughter from her own vine-hung porch where two flushed tennis players had just deposited their racquets on the floor and themselves in the swing.

"They're such a nice couple," she remarked fondly.

"Yes." Mrs. Crowley crocheted placidly. "I don't know when I've loved a girl like I do Eleanor."

The house cat drowsing on the Pratt steps raised his head to listen to the conversation of the tennis players. The man held the girl's hand while they talked.

"This Fall, Elena? Please," he pleaded.

"Walter!" she disengaged her hand in mock reproof, "and I've only known you a month!"

"Well, what difference does it make? I've loved you a thousand years. And your aunt and my mother will be delighted."

"Isn't that funny? The old dears! Walter, I felt so guilty when they were petting me because of my lame ankle. I couldn't have gone on pretending if it hadn't been—"

"An act of charity? Never mind that now. Did you say Thanksgiving?"

"Well, if you're sure you want me—"

He answered in the obvious way. The house cat went back to sleep. There is nothing interesting about a kiss—to a cat.

The Storm

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

I am the storm! I steal across the horizon on a summer day, whipping stacks of white clouds into a black seething mass. I race along at even speed, then rip and tear, scorch and consume with my thousand-tongued lightning fire. I suddenly drench the world below and roar with horrible laughter to see the Human Life scurry to cover.

The reeds and flowers bend in abject humility to me, recognizing their master the great Storm King; and when a huge forest giant defies me, I pluck it by the roots and send it crashing among its fellows.

I stir the sea until the mightiest of ships bragged of by man is a drift of bodies and floating kindling or a sunken heap of twisted iron.

I know not mercy; I hiss and whistle, shriek mad hair-raising medleys and when my frolicsome rage is spent I travel on, leaving the Sun to shine in desolate mockery upon the havoc I have wrought.

Assumption Prayer

P. J. SANDILL

Lady, did the days seem long,
Sometimes, at Judea's gloam,
After He had left this earth and
You still had to call it home?

Lady, now for aye united
With your Son in joy above,
Help, that we, somehow, together
Reach thy throne in endless love.

A Labor of Love

H. EUGENIE DELAMARE

THE Audubon Association is doing such a great work in the world now and attracting so much attention that an ever growing interest is being felt in it and in the birds it seeks to protect. I have often heard it asked whether Audubon, the naturalist, was the founder of the society and if not, who was, where and when it was started and why it bears his name, so now I propose to give an account of John James Audubon's most interesting life and of the rise of the National Audubon Association and of all it has accomplished and still hopes to do for the protection of our useful little friends the birds.

John James Audubon, the great artist, writer and passionate lover of nature was born in Louisiana in 1780. He was the son of a French naval officer who had been cabin boy on a fishing ship when only twelve years old and, in spite of his lack of education and opportunities, risen to a high rank in the French army and secured a fine fortune with which he bought estates in France and San Domingo, besides a ranch at Mill Grove in Pennsylvania. His first wife, the mother of the famous Audubon, is said to have been of Spanish descent. She was killed in a negro uprising when the child was but a few years old, but her husband escaped with his baby boy and a few years later returned to France after having married a lady from Louisiana named Anna Moynette. She must have been a very charming and lovable woman, for unlike the cruel stepmothers of fairy and other tales, she was perfectly devoted to little John James and petted and humored him in every possible way, declaring even in his presence that he was the most beautiful child in France. This we can readily believe when we look at the picture of his beautiful, sensitive, intellectual face.

As his father was constantly away on duty, young Audubon was for many years under his stepmother's supervision and she allowed him to devote himself almost entirely to the pursuits he loved best, drawing, painting, music and constant rambles and communings with nature. As his teacher in art he had no less a master than the famous French painter, David, under whose tuition he made rapid progress. Even in his boyhood, he constantly painted pictures of birds, not that as yet he had the deep love of them which afterwards became the passion of his life, but simply because he found them good subjects to portray.

When his father returned from a long cruise

abroad, he was much struck with the boy's collection of specimens and pictures, but disappointed to find him so little advanced in what he considered his more serious studies, and for a whole year he endeavored to make him grind at mathematics, Latin and Greek. All this, however, was utterly distasteful to the boy who seized every opportunity of escaping to his beloved woods and studying the wild things of nature, and therefore made little progress in his schoolwork.

By the time he was seventeen, his father utterly despaired of making a student of him or of training him for a military or professional career, so, wishing to gratify his taste for a wild free life, he sent him to manage his estate at Mill Hill in Pennsylvania. On first arriving in America, young Audubon fell grievously sick and had rather a bad time. As soon as he could do so, however, he established himself as master of Mill Hill, and fairly revelled in the beautiful Nature which surrounded him, giving himself up entirely to the pleasures of country life and being as he frankly admits, "extremely extravagant." He had no vices, no one with such a perfect love of nature could have any, but he delighted in a pleasant easy-going life, fine clothes, fine horses and a luxurious home.

As a farmer or commercial man he was a complete failure all his life, for, wonderfully gifted as he was, he was as incapable of applying his mind to business matters for any length of time as he had been to take interest in Greek or mathematics. He soon began to devote himself more and more to the study of Nature and specially of birds which he drew and painted in their characteristic poses and amid their natural surroundings. He would wander out alone in the wild woods for weeks and months at a time to study them, roughing it to any extent, putting up with any amount of privation and with no food but what he shot for himself. During all this time he left his affairs in charge of a partner and even after he married he could not bring himself to stay at home, much as he loved his wife and children. The call of the wild was too much for him and he had his life's work to do in the wonderful portrayal of almost every bird of North America. His love for birds had become an all absorbing passion, and he writes of this time in his autobiography, "birds were then as now, and my thoughts were ever and anon turning towards them as the object of my greatest de-

light. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only, my days were happy beyond human conception and beyond this I really cared not." No trouble, no danger, no hardships or privation were too great for him to affront when it was a case of watching his feathered friends, yet he never cared to learn much about them scientifically, long names and classifications had no charms for him and it was their "personality," as it were, that he loved to watch and portray.

From time to time he returned to his family and business affairs for awhile, often moving from one place to another and starting new ventures all of which failed until at last they were reduced from affluence to poverty and he was forced to earn money with which to maintain his family. Fortunately for them, both Audubon and his wife had a most charming personality which attracted warm friends wherever they went, friends who really helped them in their difficulties and did it in a tactful manner. Audubon was specially blessed in his wife who entirely sympathized with his aspirations and ambitions and was always ready to help him to her uttermost, never fretting or complaining at his lack of business capacity or at his prolonged absences from home, but on the contrary, setting herself to work with a will in order to secure the necessary funds to help him and educate their children. When he was at home they both gave lessons, Audubon himself teaching painting, music and dancing and occasionally obtaining work as taxidermist in a museum. When the longing for the woods was too great, and he wandered off again to complete his collection of bird pictures both with pen and brush, his wife would take a situation as governess, earning a fine salary with which she was afterwards able to help him publish his books.

It was not until he already had a very large collection of bird pictures, all life-size, that after meeting the great ornithologist, Wilson, it occurred to him that he might sell and publish his works. In order to do this he first went to Philadelphia where he made the acquaintance of many noted men, some of whom became real friends of his, while others, through jealousy, proved his enemies. Even with the patronage of his friends, he found there was no possibility of publishing his book or pictures in that city and while staying there he met with a crushing misfortune for his beautiful plates, the fruit of years of labor, were destroyed by rats in a single night. Many men would have given way to despair over such a calamity but with his usual indomitable perseverance and courage, Audubon set to work to repair the damage and successfully accomplished it. He then went on to New York where he had no

more success in selling his books than he had had in Philadelphia and he returned home disappointed and saddened. He had felt ill at ease among the scientists and wealthy men of the great cities and feared to have accomplished nothing by his life long work and to be in danger of dying forgotten or unknown.

But his was not a nature to yield easily to discouragement and when once among his loved ones again his hopefulness returned and he determined to go to England and offer his writings and pictures there. In order to be able to carry out this plan he again took up his teaching and after a time, thanks to it and to the savings of his wife, he was able to sail for Liverpool on the 20th of July, 1826. He was most kindly and appreciatively received in England where he made many influential friends, among whom were Herchel, Sir Walter Scott, Christopher North and the great artist, Sir Thomas Laurence, who helped him to sell some of his paintings so that he might raise enough money to start the publication of his great book of pictures "The Birds of America," the first edition of which cost one hundred thousand dollars. He was fortunate enough, however, to get a sufficient amount of subscriptions at a thousand dollars each to make the venture quite profitable. The work was completed in four volumes, the last of which appeared in 1839, and the book contained four hundred and thirty-five plates representing one thousand and sixty-five distinct species of birds all life-size, from the eagle to the humming birds. This first book was accompanied by his "Ornithological Biographies" in which he not only described all the birds but gave numerous reminiscences of his personal adventures, together with beautiful descriptions of scenery. This book is well and charmingly written and is very valuable, not only on account of its accurate descriptions of "Bird Life" but because it tells in glowing language of scenes in our forests and prairies, many of which are past and gone and can never be restored again.

From England Audubon passed on to France to make his works known there and canvass for subscriptions to them, but although he was enthusiastically received and made friends with great men such as Cuvier, Humboldt, and St. Hilaire, he was unable to raise much money there, most people exclaiming in horror at the high price of his work. Still, he met with intense admiration, and Cuvier at that time the greatest naturalist of the day, said of his "Birds of America" that it was "the most magnificent monument that art had ever raised to Nature."

After awhile Audubon returned to America where he again made expeditions into the wilds

to complete his collection of pictures, then he made another tour in Europe, this time accompanied by his wife. On their return to America he bought an estate now called Audubon Park, and situated on the banks of the Hudson River. His days of pecuniary difficulties were now over and living in comfort in his happy home, he prepared to publish a small edition of "Birds of America" in which he was helped by his sons and father-in-law, Reverend John Bachman, who gathered much material for it. When quite an old man, Audubon insisted upon starting on yet another journey to the Rocky Mountains to get more pictures for this last book, but his strength was failing, his bright eyes were growing dim and very sorrowfully he was obliged to lay down his pencil and brush and give up the work he loved. He could no longer portray his beloved birds or the beautiful nature around him, still while living happily and peacefully at home surrounded by the loving care of his children and grandchildren whom he dearly loved, he continued to delight in sitting or roaming about in the country and watching the wild things of nature until, little by little, his sight failed and he became entirely blind. It seems merciful that by that time his mind had become so clouded that he does not appear to have felt the bitterness of his loss, but remained peaceful and serene to the end of his life.

In 1886, about thirty-five years after his death, the National Audubon Association of Audubon Societies was started as the result of a movement first made by George Bird Grinnell, then editor of *Forest and Stream*. The object, as is well known, is to interest everyone in bird protection by proving how necessary it is in order to prevent the extinction of many species or even of all bird life should their former ruthless slaughter continue.

Like all great things, the Audubon Society had a small beginning but it has now become a large and mighty organization, incorporated under the laws of New York. We have at the present time, the National Audubon Association, the State Audubon Societies and numberless local Audubon Societies, all of which are doing good work, and this work is not restricted to the United States, but is now spreading all over the world. In our own country, many notable and most useful laws have been enacted, among which are "the Audubon law" now in force in thirty-eight States and which makes it a misdemeanor to trap, snare or kill non-game birds and "the Audubon plumage law" prohibiting the sale of egrets and feathers of our native birds. The Association has also been able to secure Federal legislation for bird protection such as the "Federal law for providing

Bird Reservations," "the Federal Migratory Bird Law" and the law prohibiting of feathers from foreign countries. Besides this, it has obtained in many States the establishment of State Game Commission laws, prohibiting the sale of game, besides securing other helpful measures. It was the Audubon Association which first interested the Government in establishing bird reservations, found out and recommended suitable spots for these and, for a time, paid the entire salaries of the guards appointed to the breeding grounds. Even now it helps the government by maintaining patrol boats and paying part of the salaries of the guards. It has also paid wardens to protect the breeding grounds of the water birds and a force of guards to endeavor to protect the colonies of egrets in the Southern States. This is no easy matter for the human brutes who for the sake of a little money, make it a practice to kill the beautiful mother bird at breeding time, often tearing her lovely plumes from her back before she is really dead and always leaving her helpless young to die slowly of starvation, become so hardened that they do not hesitate to kill the faithful wardens in order to plunder the heronries. Quite lately two of the companies' agents have thus been shot while in discharge of their duty. No woman who has a scrap of heart or even a spark of right feeling would dream of wearing these egret plumes, rightly named the badge of cruelty.

Besides these different measures to prevent the killing of birds, the association has also worked hard to prevent the snaring of cage birds and has after much difficulty almost entirely put a stop to the trapping and shipping of thousands of them for this purpose, a thing which used to be quite common in many of the states.

The National Association now has an annual income of about one hundred thousand dollars and besides carrying out all the good work already mentioned it labors unceasingly to teach and interest the school children in the love and protection of birds. Junior Audubon Societies are now established all over the country and tens of thousands of boys and girls who might otherwise have become destroyers of birds are now their most enthusiastic helpers and defenders. For these the Association publishes and distributes every year, several million copies of colored pictures of birds, together with interesting descriptive leaflets telling of their habits and their usefulness and these are supplied to the children at less than half the cost of publication. Mr. Gilbert Pearson has now the entire executive management of the society and it is greatly due to his zeal and ability that

the Association has made such rapid strides of late.

Audubon need have had no fear of dying unknown and forgotten, for now his name seems associated all over the world with everything concerned with birds and bird protection. If we seek for the cause of this and wonder why he should have been thus preferred to other great ornithologists such as Wilson, we find the answer in the fact that his was a labor of love, and that he not only studied birds but devoted his life to close companionship with them. He preferred their society even to that of his nearest and dearest and they were the joy of life to him. Other people have studied birds scientifically, anatomically, or in their connection with agriculture and national prosperity. He took them into his heart as his loved friends, he devoted his whole life to making them known and appreciated, he was, as it were, their advocate with mankind. And now in the great society which is proud to bear his name, he still pleads all over the civilized world for love and protection for the little feathered friends to whom he devoted his wonderful talents, his indomitable patience and perseverance, his keen intellect and best of all, his pure and sympathetic heart.

The Christian Family

A Most Important Element of Social Progress

SISTER ANGELA

THE family is by far the most important social institution of today. It is the fundamental unit of society as well as the unit at the basis of all social development. Professor Towne in "Social Problems" says that the family is the fundamental unit of society in five ways—economic, religious, educational, social, biological.

Margaret Fletcher in "The Christian Family" pays the following tribute to the family: "No reformer can afford to ignore the family if he wants really to reform; he must perforce work through it. The family is the nursery of character. For good or ill, parents are preeminently the world's missionaries, teaching by precept and example. Their help is necessary for the perpetuation of any religion. The family is also the nursery of those virtues which humanize life and make corporate society possible."

There is no such thing as evolution of family life. Researches made within the last ten years prove that family life prevails among primitive races, thus dealing a deathblow to those vicious books of materialistic socialism

which seek to undermine the very foundation of the family.

Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" tells us that man precedes the State, and the family is the society of a man's house, a true society older than every kind of State or nation, invested with rights and duties of its own. That the child belongs to the father, therefore parental authority can neither be abolished nor absorbed by the State, for it has the same source as human life itself.

From the foregoing it is evident that if Christian ideals rule in the family, society will be safe, because if society has a large number of well-knit units, then we have nothing to fear for the future of society; but if once family life is really broken up, then we have everything to fear for the future of civilization and for the future of society.

From these more sober considerations of the family as the fundamental unit of society, let us turn our attention to a more pleasing, but none the less important, phase of the subject.

What an entrancing picture does not this theme present to our minds! Call it happiness, call it love, call it heaven on earth,—all these and many more blissful epithets are appropriately blended in color, in tone, and in hue—and beneath the picture we write "The Ideal Christian Home." Home! What wonders in that word, what joy, and affection and enchantment does it not recall! How sweet the mother; how devoted the father; how attractive the children!

Today, with the world rampant with movie-crazed ideas, pleasure-mania followers, foolish, gaudy dress, we might, perhaps, pause to ask, is not an ideal Christian family a myth, long, long ago antiquated, or can the idea be at all applicable in these days of homeless homes? We wonder are there still any of the type of that heaven-blessed "Home, Sweet Home" so fondly pictured in our retrospective musings. Yes, thank God! the idea is applicable, and again thank God! there are still ideal Christian homes in the truest sense of the word.

"Home is where the heart is" and in the ideal Christian family the heart and home are where God dwells. God and love and happiness are there, and God with His eternal happiness is the reward that awaits this ideal Christian family in the Great Beyond. The parents, by their example, are the children's ideal. The children look to them for inspiration,—they represent God, and where God is there is all.

The father is the head of the family and the mother is the heart. They are truly the beginning and the center of every good home. They have made it an abiding place of affection where the heart loves to dwell,—a haven

of peace and enjoyment where the children delight in spending their evenings. This home with its Christian ideals is made cheerful and happy and so it must be a place where joy and contentment reign supreme. The very atmosphere breathes of God, of faith, and of home affection. It is the one place on all the earth where hearts are sure of one another—where all may sincerely express themselves and be just as sincerely understood.

The Christian mother considers it her first and paramount duty to train these heaven-bequeathed gifts to be God-fearing, obedient, truthful, respectful, and industrious. From babyhood the children are taught to listen to their prayers at mother's knee, for the training of the soul is regarded by the parents as of the highest importance—superior to every other consideration. The first teachings of the catechism, too, are learned at home, and although as they grow older, the children are naturally prepared for the reception of the Sacraments, by religious instructors, yet in Christian homes the preliminary training is given by the parents who consider it a sacred duty to explain to their children in a simple way the beauties of our holy religion. The little ones themselves learn its practice by the inspiring example of these ideal Christian parents. Faith and piety being thus instilled from earliest years are encouraged and strengthened with each succeeding year, until finally the parents have the great happiness of knowing that their children are blessed with God's best gifts and well equipped for the battle of life.

When correction is needed, strength is tempered with gentleness, and firmness with kindness; the children are not ruled by force, but by love. Respect and obedience go hand in hand with faith and love—this is intellectual and moral development, making a "Home, Sweet Home" in the real sense of the word, since father and mother and children are what God wants them to be—a likeness of the first ideal Christian family at Nazareth.

The evenings at home are a paradise on earth, with cheerfulness as the light and music of the family life—no thought of "movies" for these home-lovers. Music, reading, and games, into which the father and mother enter heart and soul with the children, are the favorite pastimes. In after years the heart reverts with tenderest emotions to these happy home scenes. These are the homes that develop the men and women of the future, well qualified for any position in life. These are the Christian parents who value and appreciate the souls whom God has confided to their care; they realize the responsibility is great, but they likewise realize

that God's help is in just proportion to the responsibility, consequently for them there is no shirking of responsibility in this duty. Their children are their heaven-lent gifts, to be returned one day to their heavenly Father, and happy the parents who, on the last day, can stand before their Judge and Savior, with this conviction: "While I was with them, I kept them in Thy name. Those whom Thou gavest me I kept; and none of them is lost."

Christian Aesthetics

HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

HISTORY is the depository of all the opinions that the human mind ever conceived. In an art museum the student of Grecian and Roman history will find himself engrossed with the entablatures, friezes, statuary and busts of those ancient days; the enthusiastic admirer of the Renaissance will gloat over the chubby cherubs and the glorious pigments of the old Italian masters; the modernist will lavish his praises on the bright purple shadows and the gaudy high-lights of the present-day canvasses. In a music establishment, the old white-haired musician of classic training will ask for Mozart, Hayden, or Beethoven; the middle-aged artist, full of the poetry of the romantic school, will pore over the pages of a Schumann, a Chopin, or a Liszt; the young, gay dilettante, scorning the intricacies of old Bach and his whole grave company, will pay out the yellow gold of his hard-earned wages for the spicy rag-time melodies of the latest popular writer. And in the bookstore! There all history lies concealed like a vast and compact museum, where the old is disdained by the new, and the new is depredated by the old, and every moment tells a different tale of the chameleon colors of human taste.

And yet many have been the philosophers who have endeavored to unravel this mystery of the beautiful. Some have held that beauty is objective, others that it is subjective, still others that it lies between two extremes; and none of them have ever succeeded in convincing any greater audience than that of their own limited school of followers. Christ alone has set up a standard of aesthetic philosophy, as applied to moral goodness, which stands supreme amongst the myriad of systems and by-systems and sub-by-systems which have well-nigh engulfed poor mankind in their confusing and suffocating flood. For He not only colonized and unified the conflicting passions and varying capacities of man, but also set up a permanent and practical government to rule these thousand elements and keep them under

control, at the same time appointing a wise and efficient means of holding the whole fabric together. And how? By fashioning His theory on truth,—for with Him there never has been room for controversy,—making His disciples dependent on nothing less than the imitation of divinity itself. The invisible Father He visualized in His own human nature; His own human nature, clarified and restored to its divine compass in heaven, He displayed in the vice-gerency of the priesthood, whence daily He forgives the sins of His penitent clients and feeds them on the Food of his own consummate Being.

What after all does the soul of man convert into real joy, if it be not the beauties which God has already created for him? For every evil is but an abuse of some good. That alone can be said to be truly beautiful which renders us more beautiful within, since man as man consists primarily of soul, which is the nobler part of his being. But this end is accomplished by the divine Artist, when, especially through the instrumentality of the two coactive sacramental forces, the confessional and the real presence, the soul is cleansed like a brightly burnished vessel and is fit once more to be used for the highest purposes. The good man always sees the beautiful sooner than the sinful man; the clean conscience is always enabled to perceive a higher degree of the beautiful than the sordid one; a pure and elevated soul, attached to prayer and solid piety, will always prove a better asset to society than a tainted and irreligious one, for influence ever agrees with its source.

The true Catholic, therefore, associates his whole idea of true beauty with his religion, that is to say, if apparent beauty is found incompatible with that divinely infallible norm of his interior, then it is straightway dispensed with and avoided as a snare and a poison. Negatively, he will thus deliver, himself and his family from books and papers of evil tendencies, from visiting doubtful places of amusement, from countenancing low and degrading forms of music in his household, from indecent dressing of his female charges. Positively, he will build up his own character and the name of his family, by guiding his little ship of state according to the principles of Christian aesthetics, in literature, in society, in art, and in every phase of life with which he is thrown in contact.

The Little Children Who go to Him

FLORENCE GILMORE

IT is undeniable that to make a good confession even very little children must be sorry

for their sins. The motives for their sorrow must be those which arouse perfect or imperfect contrition in an adult. It is undeniable, also, by all who have had much experience in teaching catechism, that to boys and girls seven and eight years of age, and to even older children of foreign birth and extraction, the Act of Contrition, in almost universal use, is quite incomprehensible.

It is found in the Council of Baltimore catechism, and reads as follows: "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee. I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, and most of all because they offend Thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life."

A clear, concise, and beautiful prayer—if understood; but little children never use and do not understand the words heartily, offend, detest, dread, deserving, firmly, resolve, amend.

Ask a very little child who knows this Act of Contrition why he is sorry for his sins, and he will answer, "Because I did them," or if he is more clever, "Because they offend God." If you pursue the matter and inquire, "What do you mean by offend?" in nine cases out of ten he will admit that he does not know. Neither can he give even a lame definition of any of the words picked out above. Clearly, then, he says his Act of Contrition without understanding it; and it follows—does it not?—that he receives the Sacrament of Penance with only a nebulous kind of contrition.

It will not do to say, as is often said in regard to difficult passages in the catechism, that he will understand later. He is going to confession today, and next week, and the week after that. He needs to understand now. Could not the Act of Contrition be thus simplified for little children, without injuring its sense:

"O my God I am sorry that I have been bad. I hate all my sins, because I am afraid of losing heaven and going to hell; and I hate them most of all because they make You sorry, and I love You with all my heart. With Your help I will never be bad again."

Mortification, humility, and meekness are the flowers of all devotions to the mysteries of our Lord.—Faber.

A Lovely Summer Day

P. J. SANDILL

Lovely summer day, farewell,
I leave thee without pain,—
God had not made thee half so well,
Wouldst thou not come again.

Her Best Friend

S. M. GONZAGA

"**R**ATHER a nice girl—isn't she good-looking? You could not pass her by — I didn't catch her name," said Ethel Harding at recess time to her friend Rose Verdon.

"Margaret MacRory" was entered on the Roll, and as she is the only new girl-comer, I presume that is her name," replied Rose.

"MacRory! Is she Scotch or Irish?"

"Rather think she is Irish—so her accent tells. But I say, Ethel, she is clever—and studious too—you should see her notes."

"Let's go down and find out what she's like," suggested Ethel, "probably she's in the cloak-room, most greenies stay there."

This greenie proved an exception. She was sitting on a bench in the College Square, basking in the sunshine. When she saw the girls approach, she made room for them, and looked so friendly that they began to chat at once.

"First day at College?" asked Rose.

"Not quite," Margaret said. "I was just one term at the University in Cork, but Father was moved to this town, and I had to come with him."

"Were you sorry to leave Ireland?" queried Ethel.

"I should think so, all my friends are there, and here I feel quite alone."

"You will soon be one of us," said Rose warmly, "I know we'll like you, Ethel and myself, and we are sure to be chums."

"Well! I'm not so sure. You see I'm a Catholic."

If a bomb had fallen, the girls could not have been more astonished. A Papist in their College! An Irish Papist. It was unheard of.

"Oh! are you really?" exclaimed Rose, while Ethel involuntarily ejaculated "How dreadful!"

"I knew you would feel like that," said Margaret calmly. "But it is better to sail under the true flag always, and I am not ashamed of my colours."

"Well! you'll have a pretty stiff time here—perhaps if you went to some other, some other—" suggested Rose.

"No, I'll face the music, but I won't lower my flag. I will not leave my father, and I am determined to continue my studies, to take out my degrees."

"At any rate you have grit," commented Ethel. "I admire you for your courage. I must be off now. We are due for a lecture in the Aula Maxima. I think you

should be there too. We will show you the way."

Margaret went. Two hours went by, and the first day at that British University was over.

The MacRorys lived at Staunton House and Margaret had to pass St. Kevin's Church on her way to the College. The Harding's home was close by. Several mornings in succession Ethel had seen Margaret enter the Church. She remained inside about ten minutes. What was she doing? Ethel was puzzled, and at last she asked the Irish girl for an explanation.

"You see," explained Margaret, "*My Best Friend* lives there. And I could not pass His door."

"Why! I thought it was a Church. I never knew anyone lived there," said Ethel.

"God does," replied Margaret reverently.

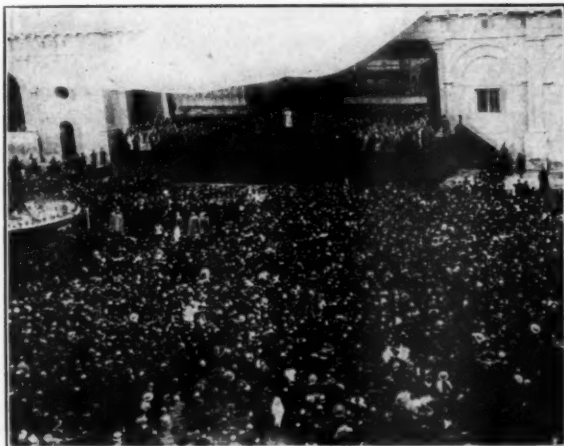
"And you really believe He is there?"

"I am as sure of it as of my own existence," was the answer.

"It is well for you to have such faith," sighed Ethel. "What a difference that belief would make in my life. No wonder, Margaret, you are so different from us. Now I know why."

As the weeks wore on, the number of Margaret's friends increased. She was full of life and fun; not a bit of a goody-goody. She was keen on games, a brilliant student, a good chum, always ready to help.

Rose and Ethel were her special intimates. One afternoon a placard in the University Square announced a concert, to be followed by



POPE PIUS XI WELCOMING DELEGATES
TO THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

a lecture on the following afternoon. The subject of the lecture was described as "most interesting," but no further clue was given.

At recess the three friends discussed the notice. Ethel said to Margaret, "I hear you are going to sing."

"Yes, the Provost asked me, and I didn't like to refuse."

"Suchy girl," put in Rose. "How is it that you do everything well? Where did you learn singing?"

"At the Convent. We were taught everything well. I was there for six years."

"Fancy six years inside high walls," said Ethel.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Margaret. "The walls were low, the convent on a hill, we had charming views on every side. We could see the Galtees, the Knockmeildoun mountains and the beautiful valley of the Blackwater. We went for walks in the country, or played Camogie, or Basket Ball, or some other game every day. We were allowed out too to see the pictures when some good historic or literary films were on. We got every pleasure possible and we worked well. Every memory of that convent is pleasant, every one. Yes," she corrected, "all but one."

"And that?" questioned Ethel.

"It had nothing to do with the nuns, or indeed with us. I hardly like to speak of it, but it is a public fact."

"Do tell us," pleaded Rose.

"During my last year at the convent," said Margaret, "a lady visited the nuns; she told them she was a convert. She had excellent references, but it turned out later on that they were all forged. She said she belonged to a noble family, and because of becoming a Catholic, she had been sent adrift. She was almost penniless. That was her story. The nuns kept her for almost two months. She used to dine with us, and she generally spent the recreation hours with us. She used to ask strange questions, and was always picking holes in things. We all disliked and distrusted her, why we did not know, for she was most ladylike, spoke well, and could be most entertaining."

"One day I was sitting on a bench in the garden, with Fido, the convent dog, basking in the sun, at my feet. She came and sat beside me. On the instant one of the girls produced a camera, and snapped us. She became indignant, said that her friends would never help her if they knew she had taken refuge in a convent and so forth. She demanded possession of the negative, and she got it."

"But I got a photo of her quite innocently. She was speaking to Sr. Claire, and I snapped both of them. Mary Gannon, niece to Sr. Claire,

had been my friend for the first years of my school life, she had entered a convent, and I had promised to take a photo of her aunt and send it to her. Accordingly I sent the snap—and the result was extraordinary. The Rev. Mother of Mary's Convent wrote to our Superior and told her the lady in the picture was an impostor; that she had been to them, but a priest had discovered her. She was simply imposing on communities, and learning details of convent life at first-hand, in order to colour with exact knowledge the lectures she used to give against nuns.

"On receiving this letter, our Superior at once read it for our visitor. Needless to say she left the convent that day. Somehow the time of her stay holds the only cloud that darkened my school days. But there goes the bell, we must hurry off to the lecture."

The next evening the Concert Hall was crowded. Margaret sang in the first part of the program. She took the house by storm by her rendering of "The Coulin," and for encore she gave "Face to Face." Then the lecturer, a lady, took the platform. She had slides to illustrate her subject, and by way of introduction, flashed one on the screen. It showed the lecturer seated beside a beautiful young girl; in the foreground was a huge, fierce-looking dog. Evidently the photo had been taken in a large garden.

"Now," began the lady, "You see before you a convent prisoner. This beautiful young girl is kept inside high walls, the dog guards her wherever she goes. I heard of her sad fate, and at great personal risk managed to have some interviews with her. I planned an escape, but unfortunately my efforts failed. She used to speak to me so touchingly as 'Her Best Friend.' Poor girl, she is still a prisoner."

Margaret, seated in the front row, was so amazed, so horrified that she felt incapable of movement. This was the picture of which she had spoken to her friends yesterday. She breathed a prayer, then quickly decided on her course of action. Somehow that prayer brought help and courage and "Her Best Friend" directed her. She stepped fearlessly to the platform, and addressed the astonished lecturer thus:

"Pardon me, but you are labouring under a delusion. I am the original of that picture, and I have never been a prisoner in any convent. I was a pupil in the convent to which you refer, during your stay there in the April and May of last year. I never spoke of you as 'My Best Friend,' that is the name reserved for the Lord Who dwells in our Churches. To Him only do I give it. I never conferred with you about escaping from the convent. I was free to leave it when I pleased. The dog, Fido, is not fierce,

he was never used to guard anyone. Furthermore, I know why you left the convent so suddenly, and if you do not wish me to make public your part of an ugly story, you will please announce that you cannot continue your lecture."

By this time the gods in the gallery had recovered from their spell of astonishment, and there were cries of "Order, order! Bravo! Irish lassie," but there were other cries. "Let the lecture proceed. On, old girl, some more yarns." The confusion was indescribable.

Then the Provost stepped on the stage, and very politely asked Margaret to allow the lady to continue. She answered, "I protest against that picture being shown. Everyone can see that I am the original. I claim the negative."

Louder cries from the gods,—"Yes, yes! She's right. She should have it. It is her photo! Clear off, old girl!" At the first lull, Margaret said: "If all her statements are as incorrect as the opening one, I must certainly say the la—lecturer, does not live in 'The Palace of Truth.'"

Then she left the platform, but instead of resuming her seat, made for the doorway, Ethel and Rose in her wake, with more than half the men students following.

On reaching home, she told her father what had happened, and he was doubtful whether she would be allowed to continue her University course.

But next morning she faced the music, and instead of her dismissal she received a real ovation. She was quite a heroine in all eyes.

Ethel had a brother, Jack Harding, and from the first he was "gone" about Margaret. Her pluck and decision had brought his feelings to a climax, and, some weeks after the concert, he proposed. Margaret's answer stunned him.

"I am sorry, but I cannot marry you," she said.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You see I am a Catholic and you are not."

"But what difference can that make? You can always do as you please about religion," he protested.

"No," she replied, "I cannot, I never can or will."

"Then you care nothing for me," he cried angrily.

"Care," she repeated, "I care so much that I dare not think of it. All the same I will never marry a non-Catholic."

And so it ended. But that night she spent a considerable time in St. Kevin's, and the fight was fierce and long, but Faith conquered human love, and her "Best Friend" comforted her as only He can.

Holy Week was at hand. Margaret offered to help for the decoration of the Altar of Re-

pose. Spy Wednesday was a bitterly cold day, and as Margaret, laden with a huge sheaf of lilies, climbed the steep incline that led to the Church, she was almost swept off her feet by the fierce gale. She lost her breath and her hat, and Jack Harding, who turned the corner that moment, ran in pursuit of the latter. While she restored it in position, he possessed himself of the flowers and together they reached St. Kevin's. He held the swing-door open for her. "May I go in?" he whispered. She smiled her assent, and he followed her to the sacristy. He was distinctly conscious of some subtle influence, a supernatural something that touched his inmost being; a Presence that inspired awe, reverence, even adoration. He surprised Margaret by asking if he might stay a while in the Church, but straight away forgot about him, so busy was she arranging her lilies. When leaving St. Kevin's she was amazed to find him still there, and his first words when he reached the porch, amazed her still more.

"It is wonderful, wonderful, that Presence here."

"Did you really think that?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, I felt someone was calling me, reading my very thoughts, and my life, my inner life was laid bare before me."

"Oh!" she said reverently, "we must pray, you and I."

"Yes," he replied, "but I want to go again. When have you service in the morning?"

"At eight o'clock. Will you come?"

He went. He prayed earnestly and honestly, and the grace for which so many others have to wait for months and, it may be, years, was given to him that Holy Thursday.

He was as earnest in preparing for Baptism, as he was at his studies, perhaps more so. The wedding took place in June, shortly after he had taken out his Honours Degree in Medicine. The honeymoon was spent in Ireland. Of course the happy pair visited the convent on the hill, and there Jack Harding told Sr. Claire that his first serious thought about religion had been aroused when his sister, Ethel, told him of Margaret's daily visit to Him she called 'Her Best Friend.'

By the reception of the Eucharist our bodies cease to be corruptible and receive the pledge of a glorious and eternal resurrection.—St. Irenaeus.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!

If Thou wilt stay with me,

Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.—Faber.

St. Alphonsus Liguori

A. C. McK

DURING the eighteenth century Alphonsus, confessor, doctor of the church, and founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, completed his long life of ninety-one years, almost sixty of which were spent in the service of the Church. He had labored incessantly, preaching and writing, and supported heroically both opposition and illness. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar was fervent and constant; deep and sincere was his veneration and love for the Mother of God; he was tender and compassionate to the poor.

The family of Alphonsus was an old and noble one, although at the time of his birth somewhat reduced. The eldest of seven children, bright and quick beyond his years, he made rapid progress in learning, and was the hope of his family. At the age of sixteen he took his degree as doctor of laws, although twenty was the age fixed by statute. He said of himself that he was so small as to be almost hidden in his gown, and all the spectators laughed. Soon after this he began his studies for the bar, and at the age of nineteen practiced in the courts. Despite his youth, he seems at the age of twenty-seven to have been one of the leaders of the Neapolitan bar.

Alphonsus had an excellent father and a saintly mother. The father, although somewhat ambitious for his son in a worldly way, was a man of genuine faith and piety, of a stainless life, and meant his son to be the same. Even when taking him into society he wished Alphonsus to put God first, and every year father and son would make a retreat together in some religious house.

The time of danger to our saint came when he began to go much in society and neglect prayer and those practices of piety which had become an integral part of his life. In all this there was no serious sin, but there was also no high sanctity, and God, who wished his servant to be a great saint, was now to make him take another road. Having been retained as counsel in a case of great importance, when the day of trial came, the future saint made a brilliant opening speech and sat down confident of victory. Before calling a witness the opposing counsel said to him: "Your arguments are wasted. You have overlooked a document which destroys your whole case. At the request of Alphonsus a piece of evidence was handed him which he had read and reread many times, but always in a sense the opposite he now saw it to have. He turned pale, and in a broken voice said: "You are right; I have

been mistaken. This document proves your case." In vain those around him, and even the judge on the bench tried to console him, and acquitted him of any blame, ascribing his mistake to the zeal so natural to a young lawyer in his situation. Alphonsus, however, did not so readily excuse himself. Bowing to the court as he withdrew, he said: "False world, I know you now and have done with you."

A retreat of three days under the direction of his confessor confirmed him in his resolution to attend only to the care of his salvation. He began at once to study for the priesthood, and applied his powerful intellect so vigorously to study and made such rapid progress in learning and piety that in his thirty-first year he was ordained priest. With great sentiments of faith, love and gratitude he offered for the first time the Sacred Victim of the Altar and redoubled his fervor in all his usual practices of piety, and more especially in loving adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

When Alphonsus was yet a deacon he was exhorting by the Archbishop to preach, and it was in compliance with the desire of his pastor that he preached his first sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. His pulpit labors increased on his advancement to the priesthood and to these were added the duties of the confessional. His tenderness, patience and sweetness in admonition, and the unction with which he represented to the sinner his ingratitude, and the moving words by which he sought to excite him to repentance, were irresistible.

Having committed himself to God in prayer and taken counsel of learned and pious men, he was assured that it was the will of God that he should become the founder of a new congregation for the spiritual aid of those souls who are the most destitute. Together with a serving lay brother, a rich man who had chosen that humble place in the new congregation, his first companions numbered twelve.

Much against his wishes he was appointed Archbishop, but he accepted the episcopal office through pure obedience. Though removed from his congregation, it was directed by his spirit. His household, his table, and his devotions resembled those of his community, and he always wore the habit of his congregation. The regular clergy and those peculiarly Catholic institutions, especially those under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, claimed his most paternal attention.

After bearing the burden of the episcopacy thirteen years, he was permitted to retire. Going to a house of his order, he humbly begged to be received. As he ascended the steps leading to the choir he exclaimed: "How light

(Continued on page 126)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Uncle Sam is the world's champion coal miner, thanks to improved machinery. With a quarter of a million miners less than Great Britain, he mines two hundred million tons a year more than the Island Kingdom.

—Commercial airplane service is expected to become an integral part of our transportation systems like to the railroads.

—Similar to a giant moving a large pencil over the hillsides and recording the elevations on a map, is a new surveying machine. It takes photographs of the country from the ends of a known base line, and by use of a stereoscope enables the draftsman to see the finished pictures in the original true perspective. The draftsman now moves a marker over a given elevation on the photograph and a machine similar to a pantograph reproduces the lines on a contour map.

—Hot ice? No exaggeration. At the enormous pressure of 300,000 pounds, the freezing point of water is not lowered but raised, and water at 180 degrees F. will freeze. The ice also contracts 18 per cent in volume. This ice will sink in water instead of float. Under very extreme conditions of cold or pressure, matter is found not to follow the changes under like conditions, when not far from normal. Many of the present theories regarding matter are based on the supposition that changes in matter under conditions of cold and pressure not far from normal are continued uniformly under extreme conditions. Will these theories need modification or revision?

—A new concrete mixer uses an air blast to project the cement into the mixture of sand and stones. Each particle of the mixture is thus coated thoroughly with the cement.

—After very elaborate tests the velocity of light is now given as 186,324 miles a second.

—The fastest things in America, according to official records are:—Man running 21 miles in one hour; motorboat, 80.56; train, 115; motorcycle, 115.8; automobile, 159; airplane, 201; eiderdown duck, 227. An unofficial record for an automobile claims 180.27 miles an hour.

—Differentials, propeller shafts, friction clutches, speed gears, and other trouble makers have been eliminated in a gasoline-electric motor car, recently developed. The gasoline engine drives a dynamo, which in turn propels the car.

—Pullman and caboose radio? The Lackawanna R. R. has completed some very satisfactory experiments for the reception and sending of wireless telegraphy and telephony from moving passenger trains. The same railroad intends in the near future to equip its freight trains with radio telephone service, so that conversation may be carried on between the locomotive and the caboose.

—Seasickness is the great dread of ocean travel. The

U. S. Shipping Board is installing an immense gyroscope on one of its vessels in the expectation of reducing the roll of the vessel to a minimum. This should remove the cause of seasickness.

—The highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everest, still remains unconquered. The third attempt of the picked party of mountaineers to scale the lofty peak ended with failure and the expedition may be abandoned. So far as the configuration of the mountain is concerned, there remains no serious obstacle to the climbers. But the rare air with the consequent deficiency of oxygen is an incalculable factor that may prove fatal to success. Special apparatus for supplying oxygen has been sent, but no one can say whether the advantage of breathing the oxygen will outweigh the drawback of having to carry the apparatus.

—Can you imagine a film of gold 10,584 times thinner than the sheet of paper on which this is printed? It was made recently by depositing a layer of gold in an electric bath onto a copper plate. The copper plate was then dissolved by nitric acid, having the film of gold to float on the surface for collection on a glass plate.

—The radio telephone has not been perfected to the degree that a conversation can be carried on between two persons as easily as over the ordinary telephone. The present wireless transmitters are one-way instruments. In other word, whilst listening to the voice of a distant speaker, you cannot break in on his conversation, and ask him to repeat. A two-way instrument is a much needed invention. A great step in this direction was had in recent experiments between the ship 'America' at sea, and the Deal Beach, N. J., land station. Land phones from an ordinary circuit were connected with the wireless transmitting and receiving sets. By the use of many elaborate and sensitive instruments, an uninterrupted two-way conversation was maintained between ship and shore.

—Doctor Prince, Principal Research Officer of the American Society for Psychical Research, who exploded the Antigonish "Ghost" story, (See "Grail," May, page 22) writes entertainingly of the frauds he has recently detected in other investigations. At a séance in New York City, where other persons saw 'spirits,' 'etherizations of the ectoplasm' from the medium's body, etc., the Doctor detected a phosphorescent thin cloth draped over the medium's left arm and fist. This cloth the medium agitated to and fro in the darkness to produce the appearance of a hovering spirit. At another 'trumpet' performance, the mysterious voice had the verbal mannerisms of the chief operator. A thorough investigation of several thousand photographs of the 'spirits' made by a leading 'spirit photographer' showed the use of other photographs. For example, the 'spirit' photograph of a dead clergyman preaching in a temple in paradise, when analysed, showed that

the 'temple' corresponded exactly to one of the buildings of the Panama-Pacific exposition. Close study of the handwriting in 'spirit writing' brought out striking similarities with that of the medium himself.

—The cranky Missouri river is being forced to protect its own banks. A 'Retarding System,' based on the invention of a self-sinking pile, will cause the river to form sand bars at the desired places. The self-sinking pile is very simple in principle. It uses the erosive force of water. A hollow concrete pile has a number of holes bored at an upward angle along the sides, with a large hole at the bottom. Water, led into the pile from the top under heavy pressure, forces its way through the holes, washes away the dirt, overcomes the surface friction of the sides, and thus allows the pile to sink by its own weight into the river. To this pile is attached heavy steel cables holding a large mat made of trees, with their untrimmed branches pointing down stream. The network of branches and twigs by retarding the current at this point, allows the heavier particles of the sediment swirling along in the current to settle to the bottom. This gradually forms a sand bar which protects the banks, wards off the ice, and shelters the pile with its mat.

—The secrets of death-dealing storms have been unveiled only in the last fifty years. Science now explains the cloudburst, tornado and hailstorms. A cloudburst is simply a thunder storm in which the rainfall is unusually heavy. It cannot cross a large river. The theory which explains this phenomenon is that a wall of comparatively cool air rising from the river checks the upflow of warm air currents to which the thunder storm owes its existence. The tornado or 'twister' is formed by violent upward air movements of a storm cloud which form an eddy or whirl within the cloud. This whirl extends rapidly downward like to a whirlpool. The stronger the whirl, the lower the funnel extends. In the center a partial vacuum is formed. It is this vacuum which does the damage. Tornadoes have been known to make buildings 'explode,'—the ordinary air pressure inside the buildings pushing the walls outward,—owing to the outside vacuum; children have been carried a mile or so to be landed unhurt in tree-tops; straws have been driven into boards, and heavy stones carried high into the air. The hailstorm is simply a thunderstorm in which the vertical air currents within the storm are unusually great. The raindrops turn into hailstones carried by the vertical currents up into the region of freezing temperature. Returning downward the solid particles are coated with a thin film of rain, only to be borne aloft for a second freeze. In case of large hailstones, the process is repeated until the stones become too heavy to be borne upward, and they fall to the earth. A large hailstone, when broken in half, will sometimes show clearly the icy layers, like to concentric shells. Hail falls only from the front of a thunderstorm, and lasts seldom more than a few minutes. The reason is that only in the front of the thunderstorms are such ascending and

descending currents found, and these move onward at a high rate of speed.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—New York is said to be the greatest port in the world. According to the figures of statisticians the city has a water front of 171 miles with nearly one-half of the foreign trade of the United States. Every twenty minutes of daylight each day an ocean going steamer comes in and goes out.

—Rev. Francis X. Scott, S. J., who was ordained at St. Louis in June, has two brothers that like himself are also priests of the Society of Jesus. A third brother is a Jesuit scholastic in theology at St. Louis University. The mother of this remarkable family of four Jesuits is now a nun in the Visitation Convent at Springfield, Mo.

—In New York City the Christian Brothers are erecting their new \$2,000,000 Manhattan College. There will be an administration building, two college buildings, a complete gymnasium, and a stadium.

—Rev. William Butzer, the son of a prominent Lutheran family at Salina, Kan., offered up his First Mass in his home town on June 18.

—A noteworthy wedding took place at Emmeram, Kan., on May 16 when two brothers, John and Raymond Kuhn, married twin sisters, Maryanna and Annamary Kuhn, who, despite the sameness of name, were not related. John B. Kuhn, an uncle of the grooms and sponsor of John, Jr., was born on May 16, 1884, received 1885 to labor in behalf of the German immigrants that his first Holy Communion on May 16, 1896, was married on May 16, 1904, and now on May 16, 1922, attended the wedding of his nephews. Will May 16 figure in some other important event of his life?

—Rev. John Reuland, who came from Luxemburg in land at New York, and who founded the Leo House for that purpose, died at Syracuse on June 12 at the age of 70.

—When Rev. F. Gregory Smith celebrated his first Low Mass in the cathedral at Denver recently, his twin uncles, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas P. and Rev. Matthew S. Smith, of Altoona, Pa., celebrated Masses on side altars at the same time. A brother of the new priest, Matthew J. W. Smith, now in minor orders, will be ordained next year. The latter is editor of the *Denver Catholic Register*.

—From the Province of Honan, China, which numbers 24,000,000 inhabitants, American Passionists report that a famine is taking off the unfortunate people by the thousands.

—Another proof of the binding power of the seal of confession has just been given to the world. Quite recently a French priest returned to his parish after being liberated from prison where he had been confined since 1889. Convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder of a woman, he was given a life sentence. The murderer on his deathbed acknowledged his guilt and the innocence of the imprisoned priest to

whom he had confessed his crime. Had the culprit not made known his wicked deed, the priest would have died a criminal in the eyes of the world and been buried an outcast, a martyr to the seal of confession. The tribunal of penance is indeed a sacred institution.

—Mrs. Bridget R. Finney, the mother of four Vincentian priests, died in June at her home in New Orleans. Each of the sons assisted at the solemn obsequies. Archbishop Shaw preached the funeral sermon and gave the final absolution.

—The School Sisters of Notre Dame are celebrating the diamond jubilee of their arrival in the United States. On July 31, 1847, the first band of seven sisters arrived at New York from Munich. During three-quarters of a century here the order has flourished and prospered. The sisters, novices, and candidates, divided among 361 houses in the four American provinces, number over 4,800.

—On her one hundredth birthday Mrs. Mary Montague of Philadelphia received Holy Communion at St. Joseph's Church. A special message from the Holy Father and his special blessing were among the congratulations that the venerable woman received.

—Bishop Gallagher of Detroit is contemplating the erection of a cathedral. The sacred edifice, which will seat some 3,500, will be four or five years in building.

MISSIONS

—The Ursuline Sisters at Sanstead in the Province of Quebec, Canada, who have accepted a mission in Swatow, China, sailed for their mission field towards the end of June.

—The Seattle convent of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, at Seattle, Wash., has received three young girls from distinguished families in Seoul, Korea. After spending six months at Seattle, these postulants will go to Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson for their novitiate.

—On June 26 Archbishop Curley of Baltimore ordained four Jesuit scholastics who had returned but recently from India to complete their studies. These new priests are destined for the missions in the Philippines.

EUCCHARISTIC

—The virtues of two champions of the Holy Eucharist were proclaimed heroic on June 11. This honor was conferred upon the Ven. Pierre Julian Eymard, founder of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and upon Mother Mary Michael, foundress of the Adoring Servants of the Blessed Sacrament.

—In the Corpus Christi procession which was held from the cathedral at Omaha, all the churches of the city took part.—St. Anthony's Church, St. Louis, also had a splendid procession through the streets of the city. Some churches in other cities are beginning to celebrate the feast with public processions.

BENEDICTINE

—The Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., Coadjutor Abbot to Rt. Rev. Frowin Conrad, O. S. B., Abbot of Conception Abbey, Mo., received the abbatial blessing

on June 13. Because of the illness of Bishop Burke of the Diocese of St. Joseph, Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee was invited to perform the inspiring ceremony.

—On June 14 and 15 the abbots of the Swiss-American Congregation assembled in general chapter at Conception. Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Meinrad, was elected President of the Congregation to succeed Abbot Frowin.

—Mother Perpetua Gerard, O. S. B., Prioress of St. Scholastica Convent, Shoal Creek, Ark., celebrated the silver jubilee of her profession on June 29. The community at Shoal Creek numbers about 150.

Correspondence

Vienna, May 24, 1922

Rt. Rev. Father Abbot:

Could you know, Rt. Rev. Father Abbot, what joy and consolation you have brought our poor community during these days, you would rejoice exceedingly for having taken upon yourself such care and labor in our behalf. Thrice we have received three most welcome letters containing generous donations. We were deeply touched at this display of charity. We shall never be able to express to you and all our benefactors the gratitude and joy that fill our hearts. Still we are consoled at the thought that the Rewarder of all good deeds will repay such noble generosity. Both sisters and children will remember you most earnestly in our prayers. May our Lord speak these words to you and to all: "I am your protector and your reward exceeding great."

Words alone, cannot express the emotions of the heart at sight of such tender charity and sympathy for our sad lot. A sleepless night passes full of pressing anxiety at the approach of a day that will bring with it the crying needs of nearly four hundred persons left to our care. In the early morning one forgets, indeed, all care and suffering in the possession of our Sacramental Lord in Holy Communion, wherein He gives abundant consolation and hope of deliverance. Then a few hours later we receive from distant lands a letter containing a note of sympathy and a generous gift. O how unsearchable are the ways of Divine Providence! Never does He forsake His own, and so often does He bring help in unforeseen ways. Can you conceive our consolation and joy, dear Father Abbot? Deign to receive the grateful prayers of all our dear Sisters and the children that our Lord may bless you and your whole house a thousand times. May he grant you His protection in all your undertakings and His grace in all your labors and duties. Our gratitude and joy is indeed great, and our trust and hope is very much strengthened. We are confident that Divine Providence will further provide for us to tide us over these sad times and preserve to our children and Sisters the dear home wherein, despite the greatest privations, all feel themselves so happy.

It is our earnest wish that we might some time be able to fulfil your desire that we send you good lay brothers. We shall consider ourselves most fortunate, if such an opportunity presents itself of thus repaying your kindness. Rest assured, dear Father Abbot, that we are praying and laboring for you and our benefactors and that our Lord in heaven will one day be your rich reward.

We are, in the love of the Child Jesus,

Yours most respectfully,

Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus.



AGNES BROWN HERING

A Mother

Long years ago God gave to me my baby boy,
With laughing face and dimpled hands and sturdy
limbs.

And as he grew no mother's heart e'er loved as mine.
We roamed the hills and picked the dew-besprinkled
flowers;

I lived for him alone and happy twain were we,
For we were comrades true, my boy and I.

My little boy is now a man grown large and tall,
And large the place he holds in life's great busy world.
I love this stalwart man, and every day rejoice
To know how bravely he fulfills his task; and yet—
O loving Christ that knows a lonely mother's heart,
O give me back my little boy again. S. H.

Applying the Sermon

"O! the pastor'd a sermon was splendid this mornin',"
Said Nora O'Hare,

"But there's some in the parish that must have had
warnin'

An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin',
Troth, then, it is quare!

"There are women," sez he, 'an' they're here in this
parish,

An' plentiful, too,
Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish,

But virtues so few,
'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble
The proud Pharisee,

Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an'
tremble

Such sinners to be.
Not at all! They believe themselves better than others

An' give themselves airs
Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues an' smothers
The good o' their prayers.'

"That's the way he wint at them, an', faith, it was
splendid—

But wasted, I fear.
Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended,
Not there for to hear.

An' thinks I to myself, walkin' home, what a pity

That Mary Ann Hayes
An' Cordella McCann should be out o' the city
This day of all days.

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin',"

Said Nora O'Hare,
"Through I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin'

An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin',
Troth, then, it is quare!" T. A. Daly.

Old Greek Stories Retold

You remember, do you not, how Pan ran after the
wood nymph Syrinx and how he grasped the reeds

which made music when he blew across them? Pan
became such a wonderful piper with his syrinx, (this
was the name he gave his flute of reeds), that he
challenged Apollo, who presided over music, to make
better music than he did. Apollo was the greatest of
divine musicians and he made up his mind that he
would punish Pan for being so proud.

They had to have a judge and so they chose the
mountain Tmolus because no one is as old and as wise
as the hills, you know. To be sure the mountain Tmol-
us could not go to them so Pan and Apollo had to go
to the mountain. They took with them for witnesses
the oreads or mountain nymphs, the dryads who were
wood nymphs, the fauns who were wood folk, the satyrs
who were rude wood folk, and the centaurs who were
part horse and part man.

Now one of the worshippers of Pan was a certain
Midas of whom I am certain you must have heard, for
if you have read very much or if you have read little,
you know the story of King Midas and the Golden
Touch which Hawthorne has told so well in Tangle-
wood Tales. King Midas was given the golden touch
at his request. He thought that he would be happy
if he could be surrounded by gold. But when the little
golden haired daughter whom he loved ran to his arms
and was immediately changed into a little girl of gold
King Midas knew that he had been mistaken. But you
can read that story for yourself. I am just reminding
you who Midas was and telling you that Midas was
among the witnesses who heard the music of Pan and
Apollo.

The mountain Tmolus gave the word and Pan arose
and blew upon his reeds. The squirrels came to listen.
The little birds hopped down from the trees and stood
in rows. The trees swayed back and forth as if they
wished to dance and the fauns laughed for joy. It was
the sweetest music that their furry ears had ever heard.

When Pan had finished, the mountain bowed before
Apollo the sun-God who rose with his lyre of gold.
When he touched the strings of his lyre all things were
silent for very joy. He made such music that the woods
fell to dreaming. Everything was silent. Such wonder-
ful music they had never heard before.

All fell at the feet of Apollo and the mountain Tmol-
us proclaimed him the winner in the contest. But
Midas raised his voice in dispute. He was not satisfied
with the decision. No doubt the trouble with Midas
was that he could not bear the sight of the gold in
the lyre for after his experience nothing of gold could
please him.

And so Apollo punished Midas for having such dull
ears. At a single word from Apollo the ears of Midas
grew long, furry, and pointed, and able to turn this
way and that—as a warning to musicians. Midas had
the ears of an ass for every one to see.

For a long time the poor man hid his ears, I sup-
pose, with his hair, but the author does not say. Sure-
ly if "ear muffs" had been the style at that time as
now, it would not have been difficult. But one of the
servants of Midas learned the secret. He kept the
secret until he could stand it no longer and finally
whispered it out in the meadows in a hole in the turf.

He covered it well but you know how it is with secrets. When they are once whispered to the grass blades. Year after year they grew and whispered and laughed and murmured, "Midas has the ears of an ass. Oh, hush, hush!"

If I Was President

"If I was only President,"
Said little Billie Searles,
"I wouldn't 'low no schools to start,
Exceptin' for the girls.
The' ain't no use to edercate
A kid with any sense,
He'll learn hisself; the's somethin' wrong
With all our Presidents.
"Now what's the use o' breakin' in
On all a feller's fun,
An' pen 'im up in school jes, when
The nuttin' time's begun?
An' what's the use to load 'im down
With things like 'rithmatics?
He'd great deal ruther be outdoors,
A-fishin' in the cricks.
"Now, what's the use of grammar? Pshaw!
The' ain' none, I kin see,
An' as fer spellin'—why, it comes
Jes' natural fer me.
I wisht thet I was runnin' things,
You bet yer bottom cent
There wouldn't be no school fer boys
If I was President." *Kansas City Star.*



A CHRISTIAN ZULU YOUTH

Letter Box

Aunt Agnes wishes to assure the nephews and nieces in Zululand that she greatly appreciates the letters so full of good wishes and so brimful of appreciation for the little pleasure she was able to give by starting the Christmas ball a-rolling. It is indeed too bad that the gifts did not reach their destination at Christmas time, however, it is gratifying that they were not drowned in the big ocean.

Now, dear Zulu nephews and nieces, do write often. Your letters are very interesting and written much better than those of the American nephews and nieces. This is not because the American boys and girls are unable to do better, but rather because they are careless. You would be greatly shocked to see the letters that come to this desk written in lead pencil, often, scribbled and scrawled, and with ink blots upon them.

Aunt Agnes always shudders when she looks at them. And the greater part of these letters contain nothing. True enough, some very excellent letters have been received from the American nephews and nieces, but by comparison, those from Zululand are much better. Please write often. Describe the weather, the crops, the fruits, nuts, the public buildings, and so forth. Tell us about the trees and the flowers. Describe spots of scenic beauty which you have visited. How are the houses built, and what of the churches. These are a few suggestions and you can think of many more things. Aunt Agnes would like to have letters from Zululand to publish every month. It takes such a long time for these letters to reach America, and for the magazine to get back to you that I fear you will get tired waiting for them to appear in print. We are especially glad to receive letters from the teachers and other grown-ups. Please let us hear from you often.

We were very happy to receive also some photos from Zululand and we shall publish them in "The Grail" if possible. It makes us rejoice to see the little boys and girls with the good Sisters who care for them, holding blessed candles, and with rosaries and prayer books in their hands.

Mission Centocow, Braecroft, May 1, 1922.

I am unknown to you, dear Aunt Agnes. Let this fact, however, not hinder our relationship; but take me henceforth for your dark-brown nephew, and I take you for my aunt. Now I am quite proud of having such a kind aunt, and I think, I am justified in being so.

Perhaps, Aunt, it will please you, if I relate to you what kind of nephew I am. I am a teacher at present and am eighteen years of age—a young teacher, indeed. I am so lucky to have my father near me; he lives not far from Riverside, about one and one-half hours walk from here, where my home is. My mother died very recently on St. Stephen's day.—R. I. P. Their names are Vitus and Margaret. My father's surname is Kubone, which means "see it," and my grandfather was Macika, which means "one who effaces or quenches." My mother's surname is Mnguni, and her father was Ngwane, a name given to the native tribes of Amangwane.

As a baby I was sick unto death, so that I was brought to the Centocow mission. There I got worse and worse, so that my mother and father were called at midnight, in the pitch dark night, and I was baptized and given the name I bear today, by the Right Reverend Father Wolpert, Abbot of Marianhill, who retired in 1920 and resides now at Lourdes, one of the Marianhill mission Stations in Griqualand East. I pulled through and recovered under the kind and clever treatment of the late sister Cajetana. R. I. P. As at that time my parents were still heathens, I was allowed to stay in the orphanage conducted by one of the Mission Sisters. There

with many other children I spent my happy days, when I was sent to school at eight years of age by Reverend Father Innocent then Superior of our Mission.

Gradually I passed the Infant Classes and the Standards up to Standard IV inclusive. During all that time from babyhood I was the privileged errand boy of dear Sr. Phillipine, known to me as Mamma in Zulu. Being swift-footed I was sent by her all over the village, on messages, in preference to other children, who raced with me to her whenever we saw that she wanted someone to run errands. The dear sister watched over me with motherly love which she still has up-to-date and in return for which I should be too sorry to cause her any trouble.

After having finished Standard IV, I went to the native Catholic training College at Marianhill, because there was not yet an Intermediate School here as there is now. I passed all my examinations up to second grade native teachers certificate in December 1921.

Dear aunt, you are wondering who paid for my studies. Well, firstly, in the primary, I had not to pay anything. Since the Mission most mothers attended to our needs. For the studies in the higher classes, Reverend F. Emanuel Hanisch, then Superior of our Centocow Mission, paid for me. He was succeeded by Reverend Appolinaris Schwamberger, who is now our beloved Father Missionary.

Geel! I have a kind aunt overseas, and aunt has a dark-brown nephew of Standard III and IV.

Many, many thanks to you, dear Aunt, and to all the good kind people there, for the fine, fine prayer-books, the nice story books, pictures, medals and other valuable things, sent to good Sister Phillipine, out of which I, too, received a few presents which pleased me very much. I am also poring over a fine Catholic paper, "The Schoolmate" sent by an unknown friend to my "mamma," Sister Phillipine, and she lets me read it. I am a Catholic almost since my birth, received Holy Eucharist on June 21, 1914. Confirmation was administered earlier by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Henry Delalle.

With heaps of love and the very best of wishes, I remain, your sincere and grateful nephew,

Anton Kubone.

P. S. Do you wish that I write you more? I would willingly do so, dear Aunt.

We shall be happy, indeed, Anton, to have you write us again, and not only once but many times. We should enjoy hearing all about your school. What text books do you use? Do you sing, and teach your pupils to recite poetry? Do you study the poets as we in America do? Please write very soon.

Centocow, M. S., P. O. Braecroft,
Natal Cape Line, April 1922.

Dear Aunt Agnes, I am very glad to write this letter to you in the name of my little son Ruprecht who is at present a small boy aged eight years, and therefore still unable to write to you himself and has asked me to do it for him. One day he received a present of nice playthings from our good and kind Reverend Sister Phillipine and he uses these toys at playing, enjoying his games indeed, with his brother Isidor, aged four years, and his two sisters Hildegard and Rosa. The latter is always very fond and pleased to hear the rattling of the toy, called rattle, which she herself tries to whirl round and round, rattling it. She is a baby of two years only. Ruprecht was told by Sister Phillipine that the presents given to him were from kind people in America, through your intercession, and he dictates the following to me: — "Dear Aunt Agnes, We thank you very much for your kindness for having sent us these nice playthings. We like them

very much, but we are indeed very sorry to say, one day we played our games, one of our whistles got broken, and we cannot use it any more. Rev. Sr. Phillipine sometimes asks us whether we still have our toys in good order or not. Last Sunday we were very sorry to tell her that one of them broke. We thank you heartily for your kindness; we have also begun praying for you and for all the kind benefactors who are so good to us. We wish we could go to America and see you all, but this we cannot do."

Rev. Sr. Phillipine was the very first teacher who came to teach the natives of the Marianhill Mission in South Africa. Now she has retired from teaching because of age. She was also my head-teacher for more than six years here at Centocow. We are very glad to have her with us and have her good advice told to us. Now there is another Sister replacing her and we are quite contented with her. Lastly, I should also thank you, dear Aunt Agnes, and all good benefactors who strive to do so much for us poor natives of South Africa. We wish you all a happy life here in this world of banishment, but especially your admittance one day into heaven where our God shall wipe off all tears, and sorrow shall be no more. We promise never to forget you in our prayers.

Yours very gratefully,
Ivo Made.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, April, 19, 1922.

Dear Aunt:—I am a boy of fourteen years of age. I also learn at Hlabeni School. I saw two of our girls



A CHRISTIAN ZULU MAID

writing to you, and they told me that you are the person who sent us the nice playthings, and I must also join in thanking you and all our good friends. Indeed you are too good to send such beautiful things to children whom you never saw.

As I am the biggest of the boys, I always help the Sister in charge of our school any time she requires help, especially when she needs some one to bring and saddle her horse. On Friday I have the honour to accompany her and bring her two girls, Engleberta and Jimama, to the Mission. On Mondays I have to take them to school again.

My home is very near the school. Both my parents are Christians. My elder brother is learning in the College of St. Francis at Marianhill. My youngest sister is not yet baptized, she is still in the lower classes. Rev. Sister Domitilla and my schoolmates send their best regards to you, I am your obedient nephew, Florian Memela.

Maria Loretto School, Centocow, Mission,
April, 22, 1922.

To Auntie Agnes of the Grail Magazine.

Dear Auntie:—Although I am not lawfully entitled to appear in the columns reserved by the editor for children, as I am no more a small child, but a big old one, I yet venture to ask you kindly to admit me into the corner.

I got to thank you and all our dear friends on the other side of the big, big, sea, on behalf of my dear old teacher, Sister Phillipine the children of the above school and myself.

We admire very much your noble idea to become everybody's aunt and to adopt all children, white, dark, red, yellow, as your nephews and nieces.

Here we beg to voice our heartfelt thanks for the kindness shown by you and all the good people to dear Sister Phillipine Treumund, in sending her such nice gifts as medals, Agnus Deis, prayer books, story-books, rosaries, holy pictures, to be distributed among the children. The writer, one of her oldest children, was not forgotten by his kind old teacher, the distributor.

May you never get tired of being our aunt but be her always until you reach our Heavenly Home where our omnipotent Father will amply reward you for your kindness to us, and where you will (at least we hope so) meet all your nephews and nieces.

We shall never forget you and all benefactors, in our daily prayers and when we receive Holy Communion.

The boys of the above mentioned school, one of the Day Schools of our Mission Station Centocow, came to me with the request, "Kindly ask the dear Aunt Agnes, or some of our dear friends there in America to send some balls, including some played by feet, and tell them that if they favor us with such, we shall pray and receive Our Lord for their intention." I am afraid the boys are too bold, but I thought there is no harm in telling you their wishes.

With kindest regards to all concerned, I have the honor of signing myself,

Your graeful nephew,

Adalbert Duna,

Ass't Teacher of above School.

Centocow M. St., P. O. Braecroft, April 26, 1922
Dear Aunt Agnes, I am rather poor in English, and cannot express well how my poor heart thanks for receiving some of those nice things sent to Centocow, some time ago. I only leave it to God. I wish him to be with you and all our kind benefactors always, always in every need until you reach Heaven, where all of us hope to meet you. I didn't expect to get something so pleasing from persons dwelling in such a far

continent; but now I dare say it was God who inspired you with the thought to help us who stand in need of such things.

God has been visiting us with a terrible hail storm that destroyed so much that not even a single crop will be eaten; now we have to work hard to get our daily food.

I have one sister who married on the 26 of February, and I was very glad to see her married in the Catholic church. I am alone now, having no father nor brother. My old mother stays in the Mission with me.

When I came to this Boarding school in 1919, I began Standard III and I was taught by a native teacher who is my cousin. Our Head Teacher was Sister Phillipine, to whom you sent those nice articles for us. Sister Phillipine has resigned on account of age, and she was always troubled by headache.

I wish to go to college if it is possible to get the school fees. I shall be glad if I get a letter from you to see if you are still alive. Many repeated thanks to you, my dear Aunt Agnes, and to all our own dear friends, for your kindness. I shall pray for you all.

I remain,

Your grateful niece,

Margaretha Nzimande.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, April 7, 1922.

My dear Aunt: Thank you very much for the nice things you sent us. We are very pleased to have such nice colored balls because we are very fond of playing the ball. We sometimes forget our breakfast on this account.

I am now in Standard III and I find no difficulty, although I did not take Standard II. My friend, Jimama, is going to be baptized on Easter Sunday and she is going to receive Holy Communion a week after. I wish you a happy Eastertide. I shall always pray for you and yours, and for all our benefactors. I am dear Aunt,

Your grateful niece,

Maria Francisca Engleberta Sosibo.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, April 17, 1922.

Dear Aunt, Perhaps you will wonder why I write to you. You do not know me, but I know you through my friend Maria Franziska Engleberta. She and I live together under the care of Rev. Sr. Domitilla, and we are of the same age, and for this reason we are good companions. I am not an orphan as she is, but the Sister wanted me to stay with Engleberta, that she should not feel so lonely.

My father is an old man. He married twice, and I am the first born of the second wife. I have a little brother and sister.

I am going to be baptized on Easter Sunday. I ask you to pray for me to become a good Christian. I will also remember you in my prayers especially on that day.

With regard to my school, I hope Engleberta has already told you because we are in the same school, and in the same class. We sit side by side. Wishing you a happy Easter, I remain,

Your faithful niece,

Jimama Dhlamini.

Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, March 26, 1922.

My dear Aunt Agnes, With a very, very, thankful heart I write this letter to you. We really fail to give suitable thanks to you, our dear friend, and to all our dear benefactors for what you did for us, the Zulu children, by sending us those nice presents; and we were much astonished by the great love and kindness towards us, the poor Zulu children, which was clearly shown to us by your kind gifts. Besides praying for you, we have not any chance of showing you our heart-



A SISTER WITH LITTLE ZULUS

felt thanks, we shall pray for you all as much as we can.

Now being encouraged by your great kindness, I take heart to tell you something about me personally.

I am a girl sixteen years of age. I came to Centocow in July 1915 and began learning there, now I am in Standard VI. If our kind Rev. Father Missionary will help me, I intend to go to Marianhill next year to attend the normal classes there. My parents cannot afford paying the school fees for me. My mother is also staying here at Centocow. She left her home because she is sick and has nobody to take care of her.

I am very sorry for I have no hope that I shall ever see you; yet I have still great hope that I shall meet you in beautiful Heaven.

The Lord be with you all in this world and forever in the next! I am,

Yours most gratefully,
Johanna Dhlamini.

Burke, Idaho, June 8, 1922.

Dear Friends:—

As you asked us to tell about our town we are sending our second letter to the "Corner."

Burke is a long, narrow town between two large mountains. On one of the mountains is situated one of the largest lead and silver mines in the United States. It is called the Hercules. On the opposite side of this mine is another large lead and silver mine called the Hecla. There are also several small prospects among the mountains.

One of the largest hotels of Burke has a railroad run-

ning through it. Also a tributary of a large river under it.

We have a very nice church here called St. Vincent de Paul. Although this is but a small mining camp we have a large school, theater and halls for amusements.

Again we ask to correspond with some of the readers. We are both in the second year of High School and are fourteen years old.

We remain your sincere friends,
Chrissie Gregory and Marie Orourke.

Lillian Lewis, 22 Spring St., South Norwalk, Conn., finds "The Grail" an interesting magazine. She is sixteen years old and works in a shirt factory. She wishes correspondents.

Write again and describe the shirt factory. Many of us have never seen one.

Blue Wing, Omaha, Nebraska, attends St. Wenceslaus School. She enjoys "The Grail" and the Corner. She sends the following:

Little Arthur, upon noticing the rising moon for the first time, said, "Auntie, are the angels lighting their lamps?"

Loretta Murphy, Joliet, Illinois, comes, saying, "Tis indeed a pleasure to read the Corner and the letters." She enjoyed the original poems recently published in the Corner. She attends an Academy and is in second year high.

441-60th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7, 1922.

Dear Agnes Brown Hering:

I have been reading the "Grail" for some time and find the "Children's Corner" very interesting, but I notice that nobody over sixteen has written yet. Is there a limit as to age? I will be seventeen in July and I go to business.

Am I too old?

(ANXIOUS.) Frances Lansing.

Sunshine Lane, Sunnydale, Calif., May 11, 1922.

Dear Corner:

I noticed in the May number of the Grail that there were quite a few new-comers to the "Corner" so I thought I would knock for admission too. I have been reading the Grail for more than two years and read with pleasure the many interesting letters which occur in the Children's Corner.

I agree with Ferdinand Hass and Adolf Feilder that boys ought to take an interest in the Corner and show their spirit.

I belong to the Young Ladies Institute and our institute is giving a "Barn Dance" on the thirteenth of this month. I love to go to their parties we always have such a delightful time. I am a convert and am a Catholic, only for a few years.

Your loving Sister,
Poppy Maid.

Abbey and Seminary

—Vacation is passing quietly, yet rapidly away. Were it not for the blows from the hammer and sundry sounds that escape from the buildings under construction, the noisy chatter of the sparrow and the chug of the flivver included, there would be little to disturb our peace. Occasional visitors drop in to say "howdy." Among those who came the latter part of June were Rev. John Dapp, class of '16, who was assistant at St. Peter's Church, Ft. Wayne; Rev. W. J. Woltering, assistant at St. Philip Neri Church, St. Louis, was with us between trains while on his way to Louisville to

attend the first Mass of Rev. Wm. Ferris; Rev. Andrew Schaaf, class of '89, pastor at Brookville, was here for a short visit; Rev. Charles Clever, class of '97, pastor at Cedar Grove, came on the 28th to make his retreat.

—Rt. Rev. Abbot Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., of Mt. Angel, Oregon, was in our midst for several days while on his way to Europe.

—The second retreat for the priests of the community was held from June 18 to 23 inclusive. Father Daniel, O. F. M., of St. Louis conducted the spiritual exercises.

—Father Meinrad went to St. Joseph's Infirmary on June 26 to have a bit of artistic carving done on his frame. Dr. Asman wielded the knife. On the following day Bro. Martin likewise placed himself under the care of the same skilful surgeon. Both are again on the road to "normalcy."

—Father Lambert was called on June 28 to New Albany by the critical illness of his mother who is still in a precarious condition.

—Of the professors who are gone for the vacation F. Ignatius is substituting for Rev. George Kauffmann, College '92-'97, at Cold Spring, Ky. The very name is refreshing in summer. F. Anselm, who is holding the fort at Fort Thomas, is his nearest neighbor; F. Thomas is grappling with Hannibal, (Mo.), once the home of no less a light than Mark Twain; F. Richard is filling the vacancy made at St. John's Church, Indianapolis, by the absence of Mgr. Gavisk, class of '85, who is on a trip to Europe; F. Cyril is at Pinckneyville and F. Eberhard at St. Libory, both in the Belleville diocese; F. Paul went first to Cedar Grove, Ind., while F. Clever, class of '97, took a vacation in the early part of the summer; later he will go to Fancy Farm, Ky., to relieve Rev. Albert Thompson, class of '15; F. Albert is chaplain of the Ursuline Sisters at Sacred Heart Academy, Louisville, and professor at their summer school; F. Dominic is performing a like office for the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand; F. Alexander returned from Louisville and then went to "The Shades" near Terre Haute to administer to the spiritual wants of Catholics at the resort; F. Isidore has come back to the Abbey from Ferdinand to rest up. His physical conditions leaves much to be desired. F. Charles spent the early part of the vacation at Owensboro, Ky.

—The "Glorious Fourth" passed quite "safe and sane" in our midst. Within our walls no cannon roared, no firecracker disturbed the peaceful quiet, no ranting orator tore the air and scattered metaphorical bouquets to the four winds. But for the sake of variety the weather man presented us with an icy wave from the polar region that made the temperature go scooting down to 58 and on the following morning to 50. Was he measuring the patriotism of the descendants of those who fought for freedom under George Washington?

—Father Isidore was rejoiced on the afternoon of the Fourth by a visit from his brother Robert who lives in Brooklyn. Mr. Maenner was accompanied by his wife.

—On July 5th Rev. Joseph Gerdon and his assistant, Father Louis Becher, drove down from Loogootee to spend a few hours at St. Meinrad.

—Rev. Engelbert Boll, Philosophy '92-'94, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination on June 13 at Exeter, Nebr., where he is pastor.

—Rev. John Goelz, '11-'18, is assistant at the Cathedral at Belleville.

—Rev. Francis O'Brien, class of '05, has been transferred from Dawson in the Lincoln diocese to Indianola.

—The beautiful \$150,000 Holy Cross Church, Indianapolis, of which Rt. Rev. Mgr. Byrne, class of '88,

is pastor, was dedicated on July 2 by Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, class of '92, who also preached the dedication sermon.

—Rev. J. G. Lannert, College '85-'89, has just completed a church and school combined at Bloomington. On June 25 the Rt. Rev. Bishop dedicated the new structure to the service of God.

—This summer a number of our alumni have hied themselves away to Europe for a vacation. Oberammergau with its Passion Play, Rome, and Lourdes are among the objective points of their several pilgrimages.

—We note the following changes among our alumni in the diocese of Fort Wayne: Rev. Theodore Hammes, class of '12, becomes pastor of the new St. Matthew's Church at South Bend; Rev. Charles W. Marr, class of '09, pastor of Monroeville; Rev. Norbert Felden, class of '05, pastor of Whiting; Rev. Leo Dufrane, Philosophy '11-'13, pastor at Dunkirk; Rev. John Steger, class of '05, pastor at Auburn; Rev. George Angermeyer, class of '06, pastor at Goodland; Rev. John Dapp, class of '16, assistant at the Cathedral.

—A. C. McKee, who is employed in the printing department of the Shortridge High School at Indianapolis, spent a short vacation with us early in July. Mr. McKee was accompanied by Edward Dux, Jr., who came for a visit with his brother, Fr. Nov. Leo.

—Masters Charles Luigs and Jack Hyde, of Evansville, were also among the July visitors who enjoyed a vacation at our country home.

—Rev. Joseph Burwinkel, College '90-'92, pastor at Deer Creek, Ohio, was a guest at the Abbey in July.

—Three members of the State Highway Commission, John D. Williams, Director, Charles W. Zeigler, Chairman, and Earl Crawford, while inspecting the State Highways in Southern Indiana, were guests at the Abbey on July the 12th and 13th. Work on the actual construction of the proposed Highway through St. Meinrad has not yet begun owing to the fact that the Commission sought federal aid. The construction plans, which are completed, are now in the hands of the federal authorities for their approval. These plans call for the construction of four miles of the Highway from St. Meinrad west, which the Commission assures us will be completed this year. Last January the Commissioners of Spencer County agreed with the State to build four additional miles of road this year so as to give us an outlet to Dale. Because of some local differences, however, the County is delaying its part of agreement. Yet, we are consoled by the thought that all good things come to them that wait.

St. Alphonsus Liguori

(Continued from page 117)

is now the cross upon my breast which was once so heavy." Here he lived as did the members of the community. His health, which for a time before he left the world had been poor, was little improved by the twelve years in the home of his order, and in July of 1787 began rapidly to grow worse. After receiving the last sacraments with great fervor and devotion, calmly and without struggle, he returned his soul to God on the first day of August in the year 1787. On the 26th of May, 1836, he was canonized by Pope Gregory and the second of August was fixed as his festival. Pope Pius IX gave St. Alphonsus the title of doctor of the Church.



GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS

On the Epistles and Gospels

Illustrated Edition
With Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons
8vo, cloth, net, \$1.75; postage, 25 cents extra

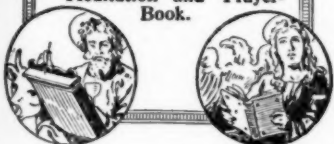
THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE EDITION AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST.

HIGHLY APPROVED,
With 140 illustrations, 704 pages
Why this book should be in the hands of every family

Because it explains in simple language the Life and Teachings of Christ, and the Dogmas and Doctrines of the Church.

Because it explains the Duties of our State of Life.
Because it contains Home Devotions for those who are prevented from hearing Mass.

Because it is a complete Meditation and Prayer-Book.

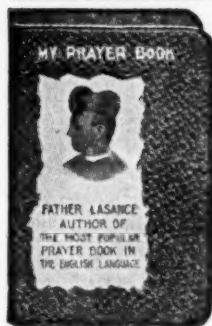


By Rev. M. J. CORCORAN, O.S.A.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

If you want to know why St. Rita is called THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE read this stirring narrative. Picturing for you in most charming manner the girlhood of the holy maiden and the seemingly unbearable trials following her marriage, at her parents' wishes, to a brilliant man, who cruelly mistreated her and who was found murdered in a lonely mountain path, it tells you of her great merits before God and the wonderful favors and miracles she secured for her devout clients.

The Most Popular Prayerbook in English



My Prayer Book

HAPPINESS IN GOODNESS
Reflections, Counsels, Prayers and Devotions. With Marriage Mass.

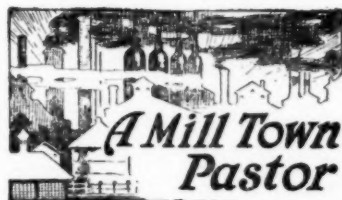
By Rev. F. X. LASANCE

702 pages, size, 5 7/8 x 3 1/4 inches

It is indeed a prayer-book that is "different." It takes prayer and meditation into the bracing air and sweet sunshine of God.

BINDINGS—Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, square corners, \$1.25; imitation leather, limp, \$1.50; real leather, gold edges, \$2.50.

Send postpaid on receipt of price



By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.75
Postpaid, \$1.90

"A Milltown Pastor" moves fast. It has to in order to keep up with Dan Coffey. From the moment Dan appears upon the scene until the end there is action, vivid, witty, original—a character one has been wishing to meet for a long while and at last finds and seizes upon with a sense of possession.

BEST BOOKS
FOR SALE BY
THE ABBEY PRESS
ST. MEINRAD, IND.

Note: Please make all checks, drafts, or money orders payable to The Abbey Press. If remittance does not accompany order book will be sent C. O. D., which is higher than the postage prepaid price.



As the Sunflower turns to the Sun,
Our minds should look towards the Truth



THE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER.

By REV. M. P. HILL, S.J.

will enable Catholics to remember and impart the truths of their religion whenever the occasion presents itself. The right answer at the right time has converted many.

Among the up-to-date questions treated are:

Apes and Men
Boycotts
Bible Myths
Bible Reading
Celibacy of Priests
Cremation
Christ, Divinity of
Creation, The
Chastity
"Christian Science"
Confession
Divorce
Darwinism
Existence of God
Eve and the Serpent
Evolution
Eugenics
Free Love
Free Masonry
Galileo
Hell
Indulgences

Infallibility of the Pope
Labor Unions
Luther
Miracles
Mixed Marriages
Morality of Bible
Heroes
Religion and Morality
Science and the Bible
Secret Societies
Socialism
Spiritism
Strikes
Superstition
Tradition and the Bible
Trinity, The Blessed
Unions
Wages, Iron Law of
Western Schism, The
Workingman's Condition
Etc., etc.

A BOOK RECOMMENDED TO ALL

8vo, cloth, 490 pages, Net: \$2.00

Send postage paid on receipt of \$2.20



By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J.

12mo, cloth, net, \$1.50
Postpaid, \$1.60

The first book written for nurses explaining the Catholic interpretation of ethical questions. Nurses will find this book of the greatest help, and members of Catholic Sisterhoods, directing hospitals and training-schools, and physicians will find an answer for every moral question connected with medicine.

ADVERTISEMENTS

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY

In the 65th Year

St. Meinrad, Indiana

1857 - 1922

SCOPE—The scope of St. Meinrad Seminary is to prepare candidates for Holy Orders. Only those students, therefore, are admitted to this Institution who desire to study for the Holy Priesthood.

LOCATION—The Seminary is situated in a healthy, retired, and delightful spot of Southern Indiana, 15 miles north of the Ohio river. Away from the distractions, discomforts, temptations, and other drawbacks of city life, the very location offers the fullest advantage for the acquirement of piety and knowledge—the indispensable requisites for the Holy Priesthood.

FACULTY—The Institution is conducted by the Fathers of the Benedictine Order, who for the past 65 years have specialized in the work of training young men for the reception of Holy Orders. Each member of the faculty is a Priest, who devotes his undivided time and attention to the classes and branches assigned to him.

STUDENTS OF THE ORDER—Students who desire to become Priests of the Benedictine Order, and who cannot pay their way through the Seminary, will receive their board, bed, and tuition free.

For catalogue or further information, address the President,
The Rt. Rev. Abbot, St. Meinrad, Indiana

ESTABLISHED 1889

JASPER COLLEGE

JASPER INDIANA

*Conducted by the Benedictine Fathers
of St. Meinrad Abbey*

A Catholic Boarding school for young men. Individual attention and special care given to the building of character in order that the young man not only may know his religion but also have the moral strength to practice it.

Commissioned by the Board of Education of the State of Indiana.

Healthful and retired location in Southern Indiana.

Extensive Campus and Athletic Field.

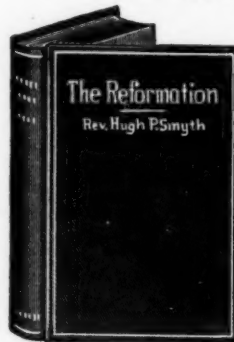
Courses: Academic and Commercial.

Term reasonable.

Send for Catalog

Rev. F. Bernard, O. S. B.,
Rector

The Reformation



Never before has the story of The Reformation been so interestingly told. Written in plain understandable English that a school boy can read, and read with interest. How few Catholics know of The Reformation other than a vague history of Martin Luther and Henry VIII. 241

Pages, Cloth Binding, Price \$1.50.

Isabel Clark's Great Novels

Each volume contains from 400-500 Pages. Handsomely bound in silk cloth. Price each \$2.25.

Lady Trent's Daughter

The Deep Heart

Prisoners Years

By The Blue River

The Secret Citadel

Whose Name is Legion

Children of Eve

The Rest House

Eunice

The Elstones

Only Anne

Fine Clay

Ursula Finch

